

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 188.—18 DECEMBER, 1847.

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MADemoisELLE LENORMAND.

MANY of our readers, no doubt, are familiar with the name of the extraordinary person, who, since the year 1789, has practised the arts of chiromancy and astrology in the French capital, and who, in the most sceptical epoch, and among the most sceptical people of modern times, has been able to maintain, for more than half a century, the reputation of an almost infallible interpreter of the decrees of fate. Some anecdotes of this Pythoness of our own days, derived from sources which we have reason to believe authentic, are offered in the following pages to those who take interest in such things. Of what may seem to verge on the marvellous, in the circumstances we have to relate, it is not our task to supply the *rationale*: we leave that as a problem for our psychological friends, to whose ken there is no mist impenetrable, no millstone opaque. He that can fathom animal magnetism may try his plummet in the mysteries of the palm and of the stars: we go not into matters that would take us out of our depth.

Mademoiselle Lenormand was born in 1772, at Alençon, in Normandy, and received her education in the Benedictine convent of that place, at the royal expense. The good nuns were far from dreaming what an embryo sorceress their cloister nursed in its bosom; though, by her own account, there must have been something about her, even then, unlike other children, and calculated to give the impression that the little king's-charity-scholar was not altogether "canny." "She remembers," writes one who was much in communication with her between the years 1811 and 1813, "having a singular power of observation and imagination since she was seven years old, and an expression she often uses, in reference to that period of her life, is—I was a waking somnambulist." At an early age, Paris became her abode, and here we find her, in her seventeenth year, already embarked in the profession of a fortune-teller, and applying herself with ardor to the study of astronomy and algebra, the knowledge of which she believed indispensable to the perfection she aimed at in the divinatory art. She rose rapidly into note. The persons who came, led perhaps more by curiosity than by credulity, to test her prophetic powers, were confounded by the acquaintance she displayed with the most secret details of their past history, and learned to place a reluctant confidence, at variance with all their habits of thought, in her predictions of the future. Meanwhile, the revolution proceeded, and it was the lot of our Pythoness to become involved in one of the countless plots which the distracted times were hourly bringing forth. It was a project for the liberation of the

queen, then in the Temple prison, which proved fruitless from the impossibility of inducing Marie Antoinette to embrace any opportunity of escape, which was to involve a separation from her children. Lenormand's connection with this enterprise led to her own arrest, and she found herself an inmate of the prison of the Petite Force, from which she was afterwards removed to that of the Luxembourg. Although at this time the "reign of terror" had already begun its course of blood, and the citizen once breathed on by suspicion—especially of royalist plotting—had little to do but prepare for the guillotine, Lenormand was no way frightened by this turn in her affairs, her astrological calculations assuring her, as she said, that her life was safe, and that her imprisonment would not be of long duration. The result showed that, unlike the augur-tribe in general, she had read the book of fate as truly for herself as she did for others. Robespierre's fall found her still among the unguillotined, and placed her at liberty with the remnant that were in the same case.

Her sojourn in the Luxembourg, however, had brought her into contact, among others, with Josephine Beauharnais. Josephine had once had her fortune told, by an Obi woman in the West Indies; she now got it done a second time by Lenormand, and had the satisfaction to find that the black and the white sibyls spelled her destinies alike. We say the satisfaction, because it really was satisfactory, to one for whose neck the guillotine's tooth, so to speak, was on edge, to hear from two different fortune-tellers, so widely apart both in geography and complexion, that years of life and greatness were before her. The agreement could not but dispose to belief, and it is not rash to surmise that Josephine's mind was all the easier, for her conference with the Norman prophetess, during the term that yet intervened, before the auspicious event that restored both to freedom. This event itself was no slight confirmation of Lenormand's credit; and when Josephine, about two years after, married Napoleon Bonaparte, and perhaps discovered in him the aspirings of that ambition which boded her the fulfilment of those more dazzling promises of her horoscope that stood yet unredeemed, she did not fail to talk to him of the gifted mortal who had shared her captivity, and by whom such great things had been prognosticated for her, and, by the plainest implication, for him as her husband. Few men were more superstitious at heart than he to whom these conjugal revelations were made: he saw Lenormand, and it is said, (though we fear on doubtful authority,) that she foretold him the successive stages of the career he was destined to run—his elevation to the summit of power, his fall, and his

death in exile. What measure of faith may have been yielded by Napoleon to these vaticinations, (supposing they were ever uttered,) we have of course no means of knowing; but, from the time of his attaining the imperial dignity, it is certain that Lenormand became an object of suspicion to him, the effects of which she often found troublesome enough. Perhaps the emperor thought that she who had predicted his overthrow would not scruple to use means to compass it. Be that as it may, a jealous watchfulness was now exercised, not only towards the prophetess herself, but towards those who came to consult her; more than once she was arrested, and had to undergo a rigorous interrogatory at the *palais de justice*. On one of these occasions a remarkable expression fell from her: it was on the 11th December, 1809, when, being pressed to explain an obscure answer she had just given to some question which had been addressed to her, she said, "My answer is a problem, the solution of which I reserve till the 31st of March, 1814." What the question was, to which this reply was given, does not appear, but we hardly need to remind the reader, that, eight days before, the fifth anniversary of Napoleon's coronation had been celebrated with a splendor enhanced by the presence of five of his royal vassals, the kings of Saxony, Westphalia, Württemberg, Holland and Naples; and that on the day named by Lenormand for the solution of her "problem"—the allies entered Paris.

And now to our promised anecdotes, the first of which we find in a communication addressed to our friend Doctor Justinus Kerner, by a lady who subscribes herself "Countess N. N.," and who is the same we referred to a while ago, as having had a great deal to do with the Pythoness, between the years 1811 and 1813. Let us premise that the countess' real name is known to the doctor, though she chooses to be only N. N. to the public:—

"On the 5th May, 1811, the Duchess of Courland and I, having disguised ourselves as citizens' wives of Paris, drove to the entrance of the Faubourg St. Germain, and leaving our carriage there, took a *fiacre*, and proceeded to Mlle. Lenormand's in the Rue Tournon. After we had rung and knocked several times, a young girl appeared, and told us we could not see Mademoiselle L., as she was at that moment engaged, and that we must either come another time, or wait till she was at leisure to receive us. We chose the latter, and were shown into a room, in which books, prints, paintings, stuffed animals, musical and other instruments, bottles with snakes and lizards in spirits, wax fruits, artificial flowers, and a medley of other articles, covered the walls, the tables, and the floor, leaving scarcely an unoccupied spot for the eye to rest on. It was fully two hours before any one came near us, during which time we heard the house-door, as well as that of the adjoining cabinet, open and shut repeatedly. At last, when our patience was almost worn out, the door of the room we were in was opened, and a figure, of a height and breadth that surprised us, made its appearance. It was Mlle. Lenormand. There was undeniably something imposing in the picture she presented: her bulk nearly filled the door; her air was marked by a stately composure,

and the expression of her countenance had the kind of solemnity one expects to find in the professor of a mysterious art. She had broad, flat features, and wore a black silk morning dress, and a cap with a deep border, that completely covered the hair. She beckoned us into the cabinet, seated herself in a high arm-chair, before a large table, on which lay astronomical charts and papers covered with calculations, and pointed to two lower seats, which we took possession of. She now looked good-humoredly at us, and told us we were disguised. We confessed it; she said nothing further on the subject, and when taking leave, we named ourselves of our own accord."

We must here interrupt the countess to say, that we regret she should have thought it necessary to maintain an *incognito* with us, which she was so obliging as to drop towards Mlle. Lenormand. Countesses that have anything out of the common way to tell, should eschew the anonymous, lest readers of an incredulous turn of mind should be led to suspect that they are no countesses at all. Letters of the alphabet are bad vouchers for a tough story; even the newspapers will not insert your account of a "man's nose bitten off by an oyster," unless you send your real name and address. "Q. Z." will not do. And what better is "N. N.?" For anything one knows, it may stand for Nobody, of Nowhere.

As our countess, however, has not thought proper to name herself, it is well that she has not practised the same reserve in relation to the Duchess of Courland. The duchess is a good guarantee for the authenticity of the countess; for this Duchess of Courland is a real personage, Anna Charlotte Dorothea by name, a born Von Medem, and third wife and relict of Peter, last Duke of Courland, who died the 13th of January, 1800. She was born the 8th of February, 1761, (consequently had entered her fifty-first year but three months before the "lark" we find her engaged in,) and was married the 6th of November, 1779. She lives (if she has not died since 1822) on her estate of Loebichau, in the principality of Altenburg, and has a jointure of sixty thousand florins (or five thousand pounds sterling) a year. Her youngest daughter, Dorothea, was married, in 1809, to the nephew of Prince Talleyrand. The reader sees that in the Duchess of Courland we have got a tangible fact, taken in connection with which, the Countess N. N. becomes at least a fair probability; and now let the fair probability proceed with her narrative, secure from further interruption:—

"After the duchess had been disposed of, my turn came, and Mlle. L. interrogated me as follows:—

" 'The first letter of your Christian name?'

" 'A.'

" 'The year, day, and hour of your birth?'

" 'Sunday, the 18th of May, 1777, four o'clock in the afternoon.'

" 'Your favorite colors?'

" 'Black and white.'

" 'Favorite fruits?'

" 'Pine-apple and mulberry.'

"In walking, whether do you like best to go up hill or down?"

"Up."

"Your favorite animals?"

"Eagle, swan, dog, and horse."

"She now glanced into the chart of the heavens, told me that I stood under the influences of Venus and Jupiter, and then proceeded to detail the events of my past life, with a particularity and a fidelity, which filled me with wonder—many of the circumstances which she related being such as I believed known to no human being but myself. While thus engaged, she did not once look at me, but kept her eyes fixed on the chart, from which she seemed to be reading aloud.

"At last she raised her eyes to mine, and asked—

"Do you desire to know the future?"

"I took this opportunity of observing the expression of her eyes, into which I looked for a few moments before answering. There was, however, nothing unusual to be detected in them, nothing indicating a state of somnambulism, no gleam of prophetic rapture, not a characteristic to mark them as the organs of a preternatural vision. You would say that the soul which looked through such eyes was guiltless of all commerce with the powers of an invisible world, and that if Mlle. Lenormand really divined at all, it was by the rules of an art learned by rote, and not by any oracular promptings from within.

"Incredible as the existence of such an art might seem, it was not more so in relation to the future than to the past. If the sibyl could see all I had left behind me in the journey of life, why should that which was yet before me be hid from her? She had shown me what was gone: why should I doubt her ability to bring to my view that which was to come?"

"With such thoughts as these, I answered her question in the affirmative. On this she took my left hand, gazed on its lines, wrote down some numbers on a sheet of paper, reckoned, contemplated the celestial chart, again pored over my hand, again wrote and reckoned, and so on for not less than two hours. The duchess got tired, and went away, and I at last began to be faint with hunger. Mlle. L. had a cup of soup brought to me, and said, 'Have patience, for I have something to learn here.' At last her calculations appeared to be brought to a satisfactory result, and she dictated to me what follows:—

"A singular destiny! You will see more high mountains than you think—will ascend more than you will wish to do. One day, and that in 1813, during the war, you will have to fly; your people will be ill-used and made prisoners; you yourself also will be carried away one morning, at one o'clock, by men with long beards, and by men wearing chains and coats of mail, who will require of you a breach of fidelity towards him who will die on the rock. Three state prisoners will owe their lives to your intercession. In Venice, a poet, whom you have never seen, and never will see, will feel himself impelled to make it a request to you, that after his death you will pray for him, as often as you enjoy the view of anything preëminently beautiful in nature. Your life will be spent in courts, because the choice of your heart is solitude; this is the contradiction that presides over your earthly existence. Your first long journey will be from Germany to Italy, whither you will go at the instance of a sovereign; and you will be invested with an order, the decoration of which you will either never

wear, or wear for the first time at a very advanced age. Satiated with honors, and weary of the great world, you will die of years, in a fair *château*, standing in the midst of gardens. Many will be around you at your death, and form, as it were, a little court. Your life, and all that awaits you, is wonderful. Your wishes point to tranquillity and retirement, but these will evade your search; they are denied you, just because you seek them.

"One thing more—a great thing—will happen you, but I cannot tell you what it is; it is nothing bad, but it must remain a secret. Before 1867 all will have been fulfilled."

"After this followed much that related to family matters, and which, except in some few points, has since been verified. But as a great part of these communications was of a painful nature, turning on the death of friends, and other sorrows which were in store for me, I can say that I learned from my horoscope at least one lesson—never to wish again to pry into the secrets of futurity. As to the fulfilment of the above, I have to say, that the year 1813 brought all that was predicted. The poet in Venice proved to be Lord Byron, and I keep the promise I made him, and will keep it as long as I live. The journey to Italy was undertaken in consequence of an invitation of Pope Leo XII. His death prevented the establishment of an institution for sick persons at Varenna, which he wished me to preside over, and for which the arrangements were already in a state of forwardness. With a view to my holding this position, the Maltese cross was promised me; but I made no application to the pontifical government for the performance of this promise, wishing neither to wear the order, nor to pay the fees for it, when the object, for which it was to have been conferred on me, was given up. From that time the prophecy awaits its further accomplishment.

"This was but the first of many visits which I paid, in that and the next two years, to Mlle. Lenormand. Friends living at a distance commissioned me to consult her, and, as long as I remained at Paris, a month seldom passed without some communication between us. To calculate the nativity of absent persons, she required the day and hour of their birth in their own handwriting; she asked neither the name of the applicant, his birth-place, nor the country in which he lived. I brought her the leaf on which the necessary particulars were written, settled the price to be paid, (six francs, one, two, or four louis d'or,) and in eight days I had the answer. It turned out that the prophecies which went most into details (that is, those which were the highest paid for) were least borne out by the result.

"Since 1813, when I left Paris, I have had no further intelligence of Mlle. Lenormand."

So far Countess N. N., of whose unsatisfactory way of telling her story we must here again complain. After giving us the prophecy word for word, she ought to have given the fulfilment, event for event, told us all about the "high mountains," (which we have to guess were the Alps and Apennines,) the "men with long beards," (Cossacks, of course,) the others wearing "chains and coats of mail," and explained what "breach of fidelity" they required of her, towards "him who was to die upon the rock"—in whom there is no very great difficulty in recognizing Napoleon. She

might have done worse, too, than let us know who were the "three prisoners of state that owed their lives to her intercession."

Our next contribution is from a personage every way more authentic and responsible than the Countess N. N., namely, the President Von Malchus, who, about forty years ago, played a somewhat considerable part in European affairs. He was born in 1770, at Mannheim, where his father held some subordinate appointment in the household of the Duke of Deux-ponts. The duke, discovering indications of talent in the boy, took care that he should enjoy every advantage of education; he was placed in the Gymnasium of Mannheim in his fifteenth year, and, after two years of preparatory study, proceeded to the University of Heidelberg, from which he afterwards removed to that of Göttingen. In 1790, he exchanged an academic life for one devoted to diplomacy, being made private secretary to the Count of Westphalia, minister of state to the Elector of Mayence. After this he occupied various posts of gradually increasing importance, till 1803, when he was entrusted with a high "cameral" appointment by the king of Prussia. When the kingdom of Westphalia was erected, in 1807, he was called to give King Jerome (the most brainless of the Bonaparte family) the aid of his financial abilities, first as a member of the council of state, and afterwards as director-general of imposts, and liquidator-general of the national debt; the last-mentioned office, however, after a short tenure, he gave up, and we rather think the office itself was abolished, as calculated to create a popular delusion—to say nothing of its being a sinecure. During the next three years he was employed in various missions, (to Berlin, Hanover, Paris, &c.,) the object of which, it is our impression, was generally something connected with money matters, as the bent of his genius was decidedly that way. From this period the rise of his fortunes was rapid. In 1811, he was named minister of finance; in 1812, of war; and in 1813, of the interior; simultaneously with this last charge, he received the title of Count Marienrode, Jerome probably thinking that such an accumulation of employments (leaving no one domestic or foreign affair of the kingdom that Malchus was not to manage) would be too much for the head of a simple commoner. After the dissolution of the Westphalian monarchy, Malchus took up his residence at Heidelberg, where for some time his position was by no means an enviable one, in consequence of the violent attacks, both in reference to his administration and his personal character, of which he found himself the object. However, he showed his assailants a bold front, and published a memoir, in which the charges against him were ably combated. He lived some years in privacy, and with straitened means; at length, in 1817, he entered the service of the king of Wirtemberg, who placed him at the head of his old department of finance. From what causes we are not informed, he held his appointment little more than a year. A pension of four thousand

florins was conferred upon him at his retirement; and, taking up his abode once more in Heidelberg, he devoted the rest of his days to the "cultivation of the sciences." In this occupation—a considerably pleasanter one, we reckon, than liquidating the national debt—he was engaged up to the year 1838, and may, for anything we know, be engaged at the present writing.

So much to advise the reader who President Malchus properly is, or was, and now to his account of what passed between himself and Mlle. Lenormand.

He had heard, he tells us, of the far-famed divineress long before he saw, or supposed that he ever would see her, and the way in which her name came to his ears was this. There was a certain Count Morio in the Westphalian service, a Frenchman by birth, whom King Jerome had appointed marshal of the palace, and in concert with whom the finance-minister had received orders to remodel the royal household, with a view to its being placed on a more economical footing. This business necessitated frequent and prolonged interviews between the two officials, which took place at the house of Malchus; and at these, Morio, after the lapse of about an hour, generally became uneasy, and showed a marked anxiety to terminate the sitting and to get home. This impatience was quite inexplicable to his colleague, who one day asked him the reason of it.

"The reason is," replied Morio, "that my wife is in an agony of dread if I remain out of her sight a moment after the time she has reckoned to see me."

"And why?" inquired Malchus.

Morio then related that his wife, before he met with her, had had her nativity cast by Mlle. Lenormand, who, among other things, had told her that she would be married three times. Her first husband would be a man between whom and herself no acquaintance at that time existed; the marriage would be a very advantageous one, and put her in possession of all she could reasonably wish for, but when blest with the fulfilment of her highest wish—to be in the way of becoming a mother—she would, soon after a great fire, receive in her house a visitor of great distinction, and, not long after, lose her husband by a violent death.

Married a second time, not so brilliantly but still very well, she would return to her native country, (she was a Creole,) where she would in a short time lose her second husband, and marry a third, who would survive her.

After this explanation, Malchus seems to have indulged, as far as it was possible, the wish of his fellow-laborer to shorten the hours of business. One day, however, he found it necessary to continue the sitting considerably beyond the usual time, when Morio, unable to contain his anxiety, at last insisted upon breaking off, and said, "Come, *monsieur le ministre*, do me the honor to accompany me home; you shall see for yourself the state of terror in which my absence places my wife, and you will never again blame my reluc-

tance to prolong that terror an avoidable moment." Malchus complied, and found the countess in a state of suffering which her husband had not at all exaggerated. When she learned that he had been acquainted by Morio with the ground of her apprehensions, she said, "You can judge, then, whether I have cause to tremble for my husband's life. In every other particular the prophecy has been verified. I did not know him, nor he me; my marriage with him was a most advantageous one, and has truly put me in possession of all I could reasonably wish for; I am so happy as to have the prospect of being a mother, and that very soon; the 'great fire' has unfortunately taken place—it was the burning of the palace; the 'distinguished visitor' is no longer to be waited for, for the king, in consequence of that calamity, established himself here in the Bellevue, (the name of a palace in Cassel, in which Morio, as chief of the royal household, resided,) and we had to give him up several rooms. Yes, I must tremble when I think of the stage to which my fortunes are arrived, for I am driven to the conclusion that the violent death of my husband is now very near."

Malchus said what he could to tranquillize her; assured her that with him, at least, her husband was perfectly safe, and that one more meeting—though she must not alarm herself if it should prove a somewhat lengthened one—would now terminate the business which took him away from her.

A day or two after this, Morio was at the minister's till about eleven o'clock, and then rode out with the king. On their return, Malchus saw them both pass his house; they rode through the royal mews, where Morio explained various things to the king, while the countess was in such extreme anguish of terror that they had to put her to bed. After a while, the king rode home, but Morio was still detained in the mews. On a sudden a shot was fired; the countess heard it, sprang frantic out of bed, and shrieked out, "That is my husband—they have shot him!"

It was but too true; poor Morio had been maliciously shot by a French farrier, over whom, on account of his disorderly conduct, it had been found necessary to give a German the preference.

This occurrence made a deep impression upon Malchus, and when the Westphalian catastrophe, in 1813, brought him to Paris, he was not surprised at finding the name of Lenormand in all men's mouths, nor at being urged—almost teased, as he says—by many of his friends, to have his fortune told by her. Among other things, he was assured that she had predicted to Murat, in the time of the consulate, that he would one day be a king; but that Murat had only laughed at her, and said, if that ever came to pass, he would make her a kingly present, which also, on his ascending the Neapolitan throne, he did.

Another story, which he heard had some years before been avouched by all the journals of Paris, was this. During the Spanish war, an officer came to Mlle. Lenormand, to learn his destiny,

when she assured him distinctly, that a week from that day, somebody would give him, in a coffee-house, the information of his brother's death in Spain. The officer, who was not even certain that his brother was in Spain at all, determined not to go into any coffee-house till after the time predicted. But on the eighth day, some good friend, knowing nothing about the oracle, dragged him by main force into one, the threshold of which he had hardly crossed, when his servant brought him a letter, announcing that his brother, at such and such a place, on such and such an occasion, had been killed in Spain!

Further, it was positively asserted that Napoleon had twice spoken with the sorceress—once at her own house, and the second time at the Tuileries; but as nobody but Duroc was present, nothing certain could be known of what had passed, for neither of these worthies was likely to give it wind, and she dared not. All, therefore, that people told you so confidently, as having been said by her to the first consul—that he would be emperor, that his wife (Josephine) was his guardian angel, that he would for a time reign and make war prosperously, but afterwards become unfortunate, subsequently be overcome and dethroned, and at last die in exile—all this, Malchus considers, could have been only conjecture; at least, no one knew anything certain about it. It struck him more, he says, that the Countess Bocholz (whoever she was) was more than once very pressing with him to feel the pulse of the fates, and protested to him that Lenormand had told her circumstances out of her past life, which it had given her a positive thrill of terror to hear, they being things known almost to no human being, and of which Lenormand could by no earthly chance have been informed. Many others of his most intimate friends spoke in the same way, but there was nobody that so much aroused his curiosity, respecting this singular woman, as Docter Spangenberg, the queen's (what queen's?) physician. This personage, who is described by Malchus as a particularly dry, clear-headed man, who brought everything to the bar of reason, and admitted nothing that was not susceptible of mathematical proof, assured him, just as every one else did, that it was perfectly incomprehensible what this woman knew, and could tell one. To him, as well as to the Countess Bocholz, she had presented the picture of his earlier life, in its leading outlines, with the greatest fidelity, reminding him of many things which, even in Mecklenburg, (his native country,) very few people were aware of, and which, here in Paris, no human soul could know. Also with respect to the present and the paulo-post-future, she had said things to him, which were true, or had since become true, to a degree that was enough to drive one mad. For instance—"he would in eight days' time receive very interesting intelligence, through an old friend, respecting affairs in his own country, but the bringer of this intelligence would die two days after." He and his friends, with whom he was

living at Compiègne, had several times joked about this, and wondered when the messenger, who was to die two days after delivering his message, would make his appearance. At last, on the eighth day, the actor Narcisse, who had spent a considerable time at Cassel, and elsewhere in Germany, arrived, and brought him several pieces of news, which were of great interest for him, but—two days after Narcisse died.

Doctor Spangenberg mentioned further, that at the time of his consulting Lenormand, he was for the first time of his life at Paris; that he had no mind to consult her, but had been teased into doing by Monsieur de Pful and other friends. He had never before been in the neighborhood of her house, had never seen her until that day, and, at his visit, told her neither his name nor his circumstances, nor suffered anything to escape him which could have served her as a clue.

Malchus was at length prevailed on to visit the divineress; the following is his account of the visit, which we give in his own words:—

"All this at length overcame the repugnance I felt towards a sibyl of this species, and I determined to go, intending however to put the reality of her miraculous knowledge to every test in my power.

"I was glad to find that the street in which she lived, and even the quarter of the town in which it was situated, was one in which I had never been. I put on a threadbare cast-off surtout, and a very shabby old hat, got into a *fiacre*, and drove to the Faubourg St. Germain, alighted before turning the corner of the Rue Tournon, and proceeded to her house on foot. On my ringing, the door was opened by a little girl, who might be about fourteen years of age. I asked for Mlle. Lenormand, and received answer that she would scarcely be able to speak with me just then, as she was extremely busy. 'Very well,' said I; 'ask her when I may call again!' After a few moments, the child returned with the answer, 'Next Saturday, any time after twelve o'clock.' I expressed my wish that she would appoint the hour herself, as I had, I said, abundance of leisure, so that it was equal to me at what time I came, and I was anxious that her reception of me should interfere with no other engagement. The little maid disappeared, and presently there came out of the adjoining chamber a woman advanced in years, and, I must confess, not without somewhat witch-like in her appearance, her eyes glancing about her not exactly with fire, but still with an expression of uncommon intelligence and subtlety. Coming straight up to me, and giving me no time to speak, she put a card into my hand, and, with the words, '*Samedi, trois heures, monsieur,*' disappeared again into her cabinet: she hardly saw me half a second, and I had not opened my lips in her presence.

"Saturday came, and I was there (in the same dress) punctually at three o'clock, was again received by the little maid, and requested to wait a few moments, as somebody was just then with Mlle. Lenormand. About ten minutes might have passed, when the door of the cabinet opened, and a young woman, supported by a man under the middle age, came out, weeping so excessively, that one could literally have washed oneself in her tears, and giving utterance to the most heart-piercing lamentations. Her companion did everything possible to assuage her grief, reminded her that 'the thing,

after all, had not been infallibly declared; that the question still remained, whether it would really come to pass,' and so on. There must something terrible have been said to the poor soul.

"I was now ushered in, and made to sit down near the soothsayer, at a table that stood by the sofa. As I had heard that, when asked only for the *petit jeu*, (which cost two Napoleons,) she left out many details, in her sketch of the past, the present, and the future, I at once signified my desire to have the *grand jeu*, of which four Napoleons is the price.

"She then asked me—

"1. The initial letter of my Christian name.

"2. That of my surname.

"3. Of my country.

"4. Of the place of my birth.

"5. My age—to be given with as much exactitude as was in my power: it so happened that I could state it even to the hour, and did so.

"6. The name of my favorite flower.

"7. The name of my favorite animal.

"8. The name of the animal to which I had the greatest repugnance.

"Upon this, she took, in addition to some seven packs of cards which already lay on the table seven packs more, making in all fourteen packs. They were, however, of very different kinds; for instance, Tarok-cards, old German cards, whist cards, cards marked with the celestial bodies, cards with necromantic figures, and I know not what all besides. She now shuffled one pack after another, giving me each pack, after she had shuffled it, to cut. Naturally, I was going to do this with the right hand, but she prevented me, and said, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' To try whether she said this merely to mystify me, or would seriously make a point of it, I cut the second pack with the left hand, but took the right again to the third; but she interposed instantly, and repeated, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' Out of each pack, after cutting, I had to draw (still with the left hand) a certain number of cards, prescribed by her; not the same number out of each pack, but from one more, from another less: from the Tarok cards, for instance, twenty-five; from another pack, six; from a third, ten; and so on. The cards thus drawn she arranged in a certain order on the table: all the rest were put aside.

"She then took my left hand, and surveyed it very attentively, taking particular notice of all its lines and intersections. After a little while, she commenced counting the lines upwards and downwards, and from side to side, pronouncing at the same time the names of the heavenly bodies. At length she opened a great necromantic book which lay near her, and in which were drawn an immense variety of hands, with all their linear marks; these drawings she compared carefully, one after another, with my hand, till she found one that was marked in a similar way. Then, turning to the cards arranged on the table, she studied them with great intentness, went from one to another, numbering and calculating very busily, till at last she began to speak, and to tell me, out of the cards before her, my past, present, and future destinies. She spoke very rapidly, and as if reading out of a book; and I observed that if, in running on, she happened to revert a second time to anything already mentioned, she stated it in the very same words as at first—in short, exactly as if she were reading it again out of the book.

"Of my past history, she told me, to my infinite astonishment, much that I myself had almost for-

gotten, which, probably, there was no one in my own country that knew or remembered, and which most certainly was known to nobody at Paris.

"Among other things she said—'You have more than once been in peril of life; in particular, within your first five years, you had a narrow escape of drowning.'

"Who told her that in my fourth year I fell into the great pond at Schwetzingen?

"More than once you have been in danger of losing your life by fire."

"This, too, is true.

"You were born in circumstances which did not offer you the prospect of high station in the world; nevertheless, you have attained it. Very early in life you began to labor for distinction of some sort: you were not yet five-and-twenty when you first entered the service of the state, but it was in a very subordinate position."

"How did she find out that I received my first official appointment at nineteen?

"Then she proceeded to reckon up to me a multitude of particulars of my past life, in particular placing the different sections of it before me in so definite and distinct a manner, that I began to feel a kind of horror creeping over me, as if I had been in the presence of a spirit.

"With respect to the last section but one, (my taking office in Westphalia,) she remarked that it had not at first appeared likely to become very brilliant, but that circumstances had soon occurred which had given it such a character.

"Of the present she spoke with the same accuracy.

"Of the future, some things that she said were characterized by a true Sibylline obscurity, or might have been compared to that Pythian utterance, 'If Cæsar crosses the Phasis, a great kingdom will fall.' Some things, on the other hand, she expressed in a clear and unambiguous manner, and they have proved true.

"For example, she said, 'You are in great anxiety about your family'—which indeed I was, for I knew that my wife and children had got in safety as far as Elsen, but whether they had got happily to Hildesheim, and if so, how matters stood with them there, I knew not—but,' proceeded the sorceress, 'you may be tranquil on this score, for in eight days you will receive a letter, which will indeed contain various things not agreeable to you, but will relieve you of all uneasiness on your family's account.'

"In effect, by the eighth day I received a letter from my wife, which acquainted me that she and the children were well, but of which the remaining contents were by no means of a character to give me pleasure.

"Within the next eight days I should four times successively obtain accounts of the state of things in my native country, and on one occasion should hear very minute particulars respecting my family.

"This was said on the 28th of March. Two days after, the allies entered Paris, an event the most unexpected to all its citizens. About six days after, I went to walk on the Boulevards; a person in the uniform of the Prussian artillery came eagerly up to me, and to my astonishment I recognized Monsieur N., who had lived with us a short time before at Compiègne, had then returned to Hildesheim, and joined the Prussians, and was now come direct from Hildesheim to Paris, consequently had no end of things to tell me about my family, whom he had seen and spoken with. A little after,

I met Monsieur Delius, formerly prefect of Gottingen, and, in short, I really, in the course of eight days, had news from Germany just four times.

"She proceeded—'You will not remain long in France, but will return to your own country, where you will at first have to encounter a host of annoyances, some of them trifling, some grave. You will be arrested, but speedily restored to liberty.'

"All this took place here in Heidelberg.

"She now said very distinctly, that before the 23d of November, 1814, I should receive an important decision, but one very unacceptable to me. In effect, on the 21st of that month, I received the letter of the Hanoverian minister, Count Munster, conveying to me the determination of his government on my claim to the estate of Marienrode; the purport of this determination was, that my claim was rejected, but the appeal, which I spoke of to the congress of Vienna, left open to me.

"Your destiny,' she added, 'will, for the next three years, be but precarious and unstable; and you will not find yourself in prosperous circumstances again until 1817.'

"When she had completely finished, I wished to have the whole written down, (this costs a Napoleon more,) as it interested me too much to allow of my trusting the retention of it solely to memory. 'Much,' said I, 'of what you have said to me, respecting my past life, has put me in no small astonishment.'

"Ah!' replied she, dryly, '*c'est bien fait pour cela.*'

"She had no objection to write it all down for me, but assured me that she had more to do than could be told, and must, therefore, request of me three things. First, that I would write down for her the three answers above mentioned; secondly, that I would not require her to go into the past and the present at such length as she had done in her verbal communication; and, thirdly, that I would give her three weeks' time, before coming for the paper. 'That will be the easier for you to do,' said she, 'as you will remain two months longer at Paris.' This struck me much, because, in the position I then occupied, and under the political circumstances existing, I could not engage to be at Paris three days.

"Surement,' repeated she, as she observed my perplexed looks; '*vous resterez encore deux mois à Paris.*'

"And in this also she was right! I remained at Paris just two months longer, and no more.

"After three weeks I revisited the house of Mlle. Lenormand, but found her engaged, and heard from the little maid that, with the best will in the world, she had not yet been able to make out time to write what I wished for; but, if I would come again in four days, it should positively be ready.

"I was glad of this delay; the test, I thought, would be all the severer, whether she really read the same things in the cards, this second time, that she did three or four weeks before, or whether she only recalled, by an effort of memory, what she had said to me on a former occasion. I therefore quit the house with pleasure, and returned after four days. Mlle. Lenormand was gone out. The little maid excused this on the score of urgent business, begged me, in her mistress' name, to enter the cabinet, and, opening a drawer, showed me a paper intended for me, but which was not yet quite finished. I read it through, as far as it went, and found that it already contained about two thirds of

what the sorceress had said to me orally. Errors there were none, and the little variations from what I had heard near four weeks before from her, were of the most inconsiderable nature.

"In four days more, the little maid assured me, the manuscript should, without fail, be ready. In effect it was so, and corresponded accurately with what she had spoken more than four weeks before. Yet how many nativities might she not have cast in the interval! How many men's destinies must have thrust mine out of her recollection! I went purposely, from the time of my first visit to her till my departure from Paris, into her neighborhood several times, and always found one or more carriages standing before her house, which had brought persons desirous of learning their destiny at the lips of Mlle. Lenormand."

We offer no opinion on the above, except that it is "curious." "True" we must presume it, coming, as it does, not from a professional inditer of fugitive romance, but from a grave man, with a character to lose—a man of arithmetic and red tape, and such solid realities of life—whose only flight of imagination, that we can find any trace of, was that very high, but very brief one, of accepting the office of "liquidator of the national debt." Somebody has called chiromancy a "*monstrum nulla virtute redemptum*." It may be so; still these coincidences (to use a word without much meaning) are strange. Malchus was not the only celebrated person of the last generation whose horoscope Lenormand constructed; Talma, Madame de Stael, Mlle. George, and numerous other notabilities of that age, also had occasion to acknowledge that her predictions were not thrown out at random; and it is but a few years since the accomplishment of a prophecy of hers, respecting Horace Vernet, delivered in 1807, when he was a child. This was to the effect that he would, in about thirty years from that time, stand in such high consideration as an artist, that the king would send him to Africa to paint the storming of a fortress there by the French army; a prediction which was literally fulfilled in 1839. It is also asserted, as something generally known, that she foretold Murat the place and the hour of his death, twenty years before that event. People will tell us, these were all "coincidences;" which means, if it means anything, that the event "coincided" with the prediction. Quite true; the event did coincide with the prediction, and here is just the wonder. If there had been no "coincidence"—that is, if the prophecy had not been fulfilled—there would have been no mystery in the case.

But the certainty with which Lenormand divined the lucky numbers in the lottery, is said to have thrown all her other oracular exploits into the shade. The following anecdotes, illustrative of her gift in this way, are told by Dr. Weisskampff, who had them from Colonel Favier, at Paris:—

"Mlle. L. once declared to the celebrated comic actor, Potier, that one, two, or even three prizes, were assigned by destiny, generally speaking, to every man; but that she could not tell when and

where any particular person's fortunate numbers would be drawn, without inspecting such person's hand. She said, further, that if she could collect about her all the individuals to whom fortune is favorably disposed, all the lotteries of all Europe would not be able to pay the immense winnings they would have to claim. Potier very naturally desired to know what were his own fortunate numbers. Mlle. L. contemplated his left hand, and said, 'Mark the numbers, 9, 11, 37, and 85; stake on these—but not sooner than sixteen years hence—in the imperial lottery at Lyons, and you will obtain a *quatern*.' This was in 1810; in 1826, Potier remembered it; the drawing at Lyons took place in May; he staked on the four numbers the sorceress had named, and chose for himself a fifth, the number of his birth-day, 27; and Paris talks yet of the sensation produced when the five numbers Potier had set his money on were drawn. He won 250,000 francs, a sum which made a rich man of him, and by which he sprang, as it were, into the arms of fortune; his wealth increased from day to day, and when he died, (which was in May, 1840,) his heirs divided a million and a half among them.

"Potier's good luck reached the ears of Tribet, another actor, a man to whom nature had been somewhat chary of talent, but, to make amends, extremely liberal in the matter of children. He flew to Mlle. Lenormand—she declined to give him any information; he besought her on his knees, but she continued inflexible; he supplicated, he conjured her; she perused his hand, but only shook her head in silence, sighed, and left him. Tribet was out of his senses at this silence of the oracle—he followed Lenormand, represented that his happiness was in her hands; that he was poor, helpless, the father of ten children, whom it was not in his power even to educate, and for whose future prospects he was in despair. At last the sibyl looked on him with a grave aspect, and said, 'Do not desire to know your numbers; it is true that they will be drawn in the next *tirage* at Paris, but they will bring you far greater evils than you now have to contend with. Seduced by the first smile of fortune, you will become a passionate gambler; you will neglect your art, renounce, in your elated folly, the profession that insures you bread, abandon your wife and your children, play again, and again play, and not cease playing, until, beggared, maddened, and lost irretrievably, you will only hasten, by suicide, a death already creeping towards you by starvation.'

"Tribet vowed and swore he would be the most regular, the most staid of men, and would suffer no degree of prosperity to intoxicate him; as for play, he bound himself by a solemn oath to avoid it, and to apply his gains in the lottery solely to his family's good. 'Well,' said Lenormand, 'I will tell you the numbers. I will even let you know that one of them denotes the year of your death—it is 28; another is 13, your name-festival, and a third 66, the number of your star. There is still another number, which is full of good luck for you, but—you once wounded yourself in the left hand on the stage with a pistol, while playing the part of a brigand.'

"'I did so—it is just twelve years since.'

"'Well, that number is, since then, no longer to be traced in your hand.'

"'But I know it,' exclaimed Tribet; 'it is 7. That has been a remarkable number to me all my life. At seven years of age I came to Paris; seven

weeks after my arrival here I was received into the Royal Institute to be educated; seven years after I entered the institute, Nicci noticed me there, and finding that I had an ear for music, took me as a pupil; when I was just three times seven years old, I fell in love, married, and obtained, through Nicci, an appointment at the Royal Opera, with a salary of seven hundred livres. Finally, it is a man who lives at No. 7, on the Boulevard, that advised me to come to you. Without a doubt, seven is my fortunate number."

"Good; choose, then, 7 for your *quatern*; very likely this number also will win."

"Tribet staggered from her presence like one drunk with joy. But he had not money enough to stake a large sum, and the prophetess had declared, as she did in all cases, that it would not do to stake borrowed money. The poor actor had only twenty francs in the world—he went and staked the whole sum. The day of the *tirage* arrived, and Tribet's four numbers came out of the wheel; not one failed—and the man who but the day before had not a *sous*, found himself the possessor of ninety-six thousand francs! Who can describe his happiness? He ran through the streets without his hat; he embraced friends and enemies; he told every one he met that he was become a capitalist; he was so wild that he took a box at the theatre, 'to see Tribet play;' in short, his head grew giddy, and what Lenormand had prophesied came literally to pass. His good luck had made him crazy; his family, his good wife, his children seemed to him a burden; Paris was too narrow for him; he put up his money, and set off in secret for London. Arrived there, he speedily dissipated the half of his fortune, and then became a constant guest at the hazard table. At first, like most tyros in play, he won, but fortune soon turned against him, and loss followed loss, till nothing more was left him to lose. There now remained nothing of his destiny unfulfilled but its dreadful close, and this was not long wanting. In 1828, his body was taken up in the Thames, and it came out on the inquest, that, for the last eight days of his miserable life, he had not tasted even a spoonful of warm soup!"

"This event was a terrible shock to Lenormand; she called herself Tribet's murderess, execrated her art, and, for more than a year after, steadily refused every request to divine numbers for the lottery."

"In 1830, however, she was induced once more to do so, under the following circumstances. A man one day hastily entered her cabinet, stated himself to be a printer, Pierre Arthur by name, and entreated her intercession with a creditor, Monsieur So-and-so, whom he knew to have a great veneration for her, and who was at that moment pursuing him with bailiffs. While he spoke, the creditor himself appeared with his attendants; he had seen his debtor enter Lenormand's house, and followed him on the spot. This man was a money-lender; Arthur had been so unfortunate as to borrow a sum from him four years before, and had, since that time, been paying him the usurious interest of twenty-four per cent.—a drain on his earnings which scarcely left the poor man in a condition to give dry bread to his children. A half-year's interest was now due; he was totally unable to raise the requisite sum, and his merciless creditor, rejecting all his entreaties for an extension of time, was about to consign his children to inevitable starvation, by throwing their only support into prison. Lenormand readily undertook the intercessor's office, and appealed to the usurer's compassion, but it is scarcely

necessary to say that the appeal was vain. The sibyl grew warm; the violation of the sacredness of her roof incensed her, and she said some bitter things to the man of money; this incensed him in his turn, and he told her with a malicious grin, that if she had so much pity for the printer, she had but to pay the two thousand francs which he owed; he would then be her debtor, and she could show him as much indulgence as she pleased.

"Instead of replying to this taunt, she took the usurer's left hand, and studied its lines in silence. 'Arthur,' said she, after a few minutes, 'I have found help for you where you least expected it—in the hand of your oppressor. If you yet possess five francs of your own—not borrowed, but honestly earned money—go immediately and stake it on these three numbers, 37, 87, and 88, in the royal lottery. The *tirage* is to-day; to-morrow you are the possessor of 24,000 francs. You will be able to pay your creditor, and be a rich man still; the hand that has brought you to beggary shall raise you to fortune, or there are no stars in heaven.'

"But poor Arthur had not a *sous*, for it was but a few days since the usurer had swept his house by a distress; he had nothing either to pawn or to sell. The creditor coolly directed the bailiffs to remove him; then, finding himself alone with the soothsayer, he addressed himself to the task of deprecating her resentment, assumed his blandest aspect, thanked her for the fortunate numbers she had so unexpectedly revealed to him, and avowed his intention to stake ten francs on them without delay. The same sum he counted out on the table of the divineress, as a free-will token of his gratitude. 'I have long wished,' said he, 'to learn from you what are my numbers; thank Heaven, that an accident, which I must call providential, has this day led to the accomplishment of my wish.'

"Do not suppose," replied Lenormand, "that you will escape the consequences of having offended me. Go; stake what sum you will on the numbers: I will take care that you shall win nothing by them."

"The usurer did not believe, however, that it was in the power even of the redoubtable Pythoness to alter the course of fate; he hurried to the lottery-office, and recorded his venture."

"Lenormand had often murmured, that while she could point out to others the road to wealth, it was forbidden her to tread it herself. She could tell those who applied to her the numbers by which prizes would be obtained, but was herself obliged to refrain from staking anything on these numbers, because her doing so was certain to change good fortune into bad. She had read her own destinies as well as those of others, and knew that she was one of the few to whom prizes in the lottery were peremptorily denied. She now rejoiced at this; she resolved to stake the ten francs the miser had given her on *his* numbers, sure that when she made them *her* numbers, they would not be drawn. It happened as she anticipated; the numbers were *not* drawn, the usurer lost his ten francs, and the only drawback on the sibyl's gratification was, that his disappointment did not open the doors of the prison to poor Arthur."

Colonel Favier, we ought to mention, does not guarantee the truth of these stories, but merely gives them as having been current at Paris in 1831, and on the alleged authority of the witch herself. They, therefore, do not stand on the

same footing, as to credit, with the communications of Malchus and the Countess N. N. One thing, however, the colonel states as matter of notoriety, that Lenormand, eight days before the death of Louis the Eighteenth, gave the following as the five numbers destined to come out of the wheel at the next drawing, viz., the number of the king's age, 68; the number of years he had reigned, (reckoning from the death of his nephew,) 36; the year of the entry of the allies into Paris, 14; the day the king had ascended the throne, 26; and the number affixed to his name in the list of the sovereigns of France, 18. All the numbers were drawn, and the lottery undertakers of the French metropolis will long remember the day of reckoning that followed.

We now take our leave of Mademoiselle Lenormand, to whom, witch, or no witch, some admiration will always remain due, for having contrived to be believed in by a generation that neither believed in God and his angels, nor in the devil and his imps. As to her art, we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions about it, whether mere chance, or some undiscovered properties of numbers, or a real understanding with the invisible world, have most to do with its results. If he decide for the first, we recommend to his consideration the following utterances of the inspired Novalis:—

"The fortuitous is not unfathomable; it, too, has a regularity of its own."

And again:—

"He that has a right sense for the fortuitous has the power to use all that is fortuitous for the determining of an unknown fortuitous: he can seek destiny with the same success in the position of the stars, as in sand-grains, in the flight of birds, and in figures."

With respect to the other two solutions, we subjoin some remarks of a writer in Kerner's "Magikon," who states it as something "not to be denied," that the powers of invisible beings often exercise a strange influence in games of chance, an influence which it would be difficult to resolve into the mere effects of "undiscovered properties of numbers:"—

"We should have many proofs (proceeds this writer) that the old demons of the heathen creed still carry on their game, under other masks, in Christendom, (especially in southern countries,) if we were to collect and comment upon the many instances which occur to every traveller. What diabolical mischief is wrought in connection with the lottery! Even in Germany, how many heads do you find turned by dreams and presentiments in relation to this most ruinous species of gambling, and that not only among the common people, but often among those who have enjoyed the advantages of education! Cross the Alps, and the still fury becomes an open one; and the further you travel southwards, the more universally stark mad do the people appear. Dreams and presentiments go but a small way: the very beggar swims in an element of omens, and suggestions of fortunate numbers, and there is no possible casualty that can befall him, but it betokens an *ambo*, a *terno*, a *qua-*

terno, and so on.* Even the execution of a criminal is explored for oracular meanings: how the blood gushes, how the body falls, how the poor sinner looks, moves, bears himself in the last moment—all is eagerly noted, and auguries are deduced from each particular, that infallibly indicate the winning numbers in the next *estrazione*. Here we have the whole trade of the *haruspices* of old: your Roman will not be robbed of his heathenism; he only mixes up with his faith in these oracles an occasional ejaculation directed to some favorite saint, like those prayers for rich *Inglesi*, or other children of the north, which form so large a part in the devotions of the inn-keepers of the eternal city."

We conclude with a short anecdote corroborative of this author's views. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, a Roman Catholic priest named Maas, of Paderborn, practised a kind of divination by means of numbers, which made some noise at the time. He had learned it from a Jew, whom he had charitably taken into his house in a dying state, and who, as a tribute of gratitude, communicated the mysterious art in question to his benevolent host, before he died. It was a method of obtaining answers, in any language, to inquiries respecting the future, or on other subjects unknown, by reckonings made according to certain rules: the practice of it was called "consulting the *cabala*." Many remarkable responses are recorded, which Maas obtained in this way, both on private and on public affairs; but the following circumstance is said to have, in the end, induced him to renounce the art. He once put the question to the "*cabala*"—Who was its author? Contrary to what usually happened, no intelligible answer was returned: he repeated his calculations, and the result was a kind of admonition, not to make any inquiry on this subject; but, on his persisting, and a third time tempting the oracle with this too curious question, the answer was given—"Look behind you." At this our experimenter was seized with a feeling of horror, he laid his face on the table, called his housekeeper, and when he raised his head again, there was nothing unusual to be seen.

We do not know whether Mademoiselle Lenormand is still living. She ought not to be dead for she told Countess N. N., in 1812, that she was sure of completing her hundred-and-eighth year.

* In illustration of the above, we quote what follows from the book of the year, Father Prout's "Facts and Figures from Italy":—

"There is a book which has a greater circulation in the Roman States than the New Testament, or Thomas à Kempis, called the 'Book of Dreams, or the Oracle of the Government Lottery.' Wheelbarrowfuls are sold at every fair, and it is often the only book in a whole village. The faith of credulous ignorance in this book is a most astounding fact; and no later than four days ago, at the drawing of the lottery, an instance of its infallibility was quoted in all the haunts of the people. A laborer fell from the scaffolding of the new hospital in the Corso, and was killed on the spot; his fellow-workman left the corpse in the street, and ran to consult his 'Book of Dreams.' *Paura, sangue, cascata*, (fear, blood, fall,) were the cabalistic words, whose corresponding numbers, set forth therein, he selected for his investment of fifteen bajocchi. On Saturday, his three numbers all came forth from the government urn, winning a prize of three hundred dollars."

From the British Quarterly Review.

The Lands of the Bible visited and described, in an extensive Journey, undertaken with special reference to the Promotion of Biblical Research, and the Advancement of the Cause of Philanthropy. By JOHN WILSON, D. D., F. R. S., Honorary President of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Member of the Editorial Committee of the Asiatic Section of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, Missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, &c. &c. With Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1847.

HISTORY begins in Ancient Asia. On that soil the human mind presents its first development. Science, learning, policy, religion—all have their beginnings from that source. The civilization of Africa has an impress of its own; that of Europe is still more distinct; but, in both cases, the good has come by migration, and its origin has been oriental. To be unacquainted with early Asiatic history is to be ignorant as to the first bubblings of that marvellous stream of intelligence and onwardness, which has been ever in movement, and which is now diffusing itself more and more equally over the four quarters of the world.

Asia stretches so far north as to embrace wide unpeopled regions of everlasting ice and snow, and so far south as to send her peninsulas, which in themselves are almost continents, far within the tropics, nearly touching the equator. Viewed in its depth or width, it embraces more than half the old world. Europe is not more than a fourth of its size, while, in respect to variety, fertility, and beauty, the surface of Europe, and even that of Africa, cannot be brought into comparison with the pretensions of the greater, we may almost call it the *parent*, continent. The fairest and richest provinces of Asia are in the same latitude with the Mediterranean, and it is only as men diverge from those regions, to others more northward or southward, that they become materially inconvenienced either by cold or heat. The entire continent is naturally divided into three departments. Two grand chains of mountains, and at something like equal distances from each other, cross its territory, from west to east. The Tauric chain takes its rise near the shores of the Mediterranean, in Asia Minor, and extends, like a mighty wall of separation, eastward, as far as the desert of Cobi, and the walls of China. The Altaic chain takes its rise northward of the Caspian, and sends its main line in the same direction. Northern Asia lies north of the Altaic mountains, and in a line with Russia; Central Asia lies between the two chains of mountains just named, and in a line with Germany; while Southern Asia, the seat of all the old Asiatic empires, is, as we have stated, in the same latitude with Asia Minor and the Mediterranean. This grand division by mountains is further subdivided by rivers. In Southern Asia, by the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Indus; in Central Asia, by the Oxus and Jaxartes; and in Northern Asia, by the Irtysh, the Lena, and the Yenesei; the last named—little known to Euro-

peans—send their flood of waters, without ceasing, into the unexplored solitudes of the Arctic Sea.

We touch on these peculiarities in the geography of Ancient Asia because they are intimately connected with the general history of that quarter of the globe. Northern Asia, indeed, can hardly be said to have a history. But Central Asia, with its wide table lands, has been the hive of population to the east—the territory from which the Mongolians and Tartars, in later time, and the “shepherd kings,” in earlier time, have come down like a flood on the corrupt civilization of the south, setting up new empires, to become as corrupt, in their turn, as their predecessors, and to be crushed, in their turn, by new insurgent hordes, from the same pastoral regions. Such, in fact, has been the perpetual round of Asiatic history. Its empires have all commenced in comparative rudeness, have become corrupt as the means of indulgence have multiplied, and have fallen under the shock of ruder and less effeminate assailants. Three stages have seemed to embrace their destiny—from barbarism to corruptness, from corruptness to decay.

But from the regions where human greatness has been at once so gorgeous and so unstable, influences have proceeded of a nature to produce the strongest and the most permanent impression on the condition of humanity. In those regions we find “the Lands of the Bible,” and by that fact alone a charm is thrown over Asiatic history, that cannot be said to belong to any other. The volumes before us abound with much that should be interesting to the scholar and the historian, but with more that will find its way readily to the imagination and the heart of the Christian. Dr. Wilson, compelled by a much impaired state of health to leave, for a while, the scene of his missionary labors in India, has endeavored to render his voyage and journey to Britain as conducive as possible to the interests of religion and humanity. The result is before us in the present publication—on the claims of which the author himself shall be allowed to speak.

“I respectfully claim a place for my work, from certain classes of readers at least, because of the extent of the journey which it narrates, and the objects which it was designed to subserve; because part of the land and ocean over which it is my wish to conduct my reader, has been but partially, if at all, noticed in late publications; and because, even on frequented tracks, I have exercised my own visual organs, and made my own observations and inquiries, without anything like a slavish deference either to my predecessors or contemporaries. Most travellers who have entered the countries which I ask the reader to traverse with me have approached them from the distant west; and almost everything connected with them has presented itself to their view in an aspect of entire novelty, and called forth a burst of fresh European feeling. I betook myself to them from the distant east, in which I had resided about fifteen years, and not altogether a stranger to the nature of their climes, and the manners and customs and languages of their inhabitants, with many of whom I had been brought in contact; and if I

have labored under some disadvantages by my lengthened sojourn in the exsiccating regions of the sun, I have enjoyed certain facilities for movement, and inquiry, and comparison, to which some importance may be attached. In my associates, too, I was peculiarly favored. I allude especially to John Smith, Esq., and Dhanjibhái Nauroji of Bombay, to the Rev. William Graham, of Damascus, and to the other friends, to whom I have expressed my great obligations in the body of my book, and whose assistance and friendship I shall long remember with the deepest gratitude.

"The work, which, as it regards one of the great objects which I kept particularly in view throughout my travels, comes nearest to my own, is the 'Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petrea,' of the Rev. Edward Robinson, D. D. That most able and learned book has entirely exhausted many subjects of inquiry connected with Biblical Geography. It is remarkably accurate, as a whole, in its original descriptions; and it contains historical notices of many localities which evince the most diligent and successful research, being, in fact, a valuable epitome of the results of ancient and modern travel in the Holy Land. It is a matter of congratulation, that it at once took, and will long maintain, its place as a standard authority. If it has not met with all the popular favor which it merits, this is owing as much to the gravity of the subjects of which it treats, as to the disadvantage to the reader of the union of the more lively personal narrative, with the duller, though still valuable, historical and antiquarian inquiries. In some matters of great interest, I have seen reason to differ from the conclusions of Dr. Robinson—as the place and circumstances of the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, the mount of communion at Sinai, the route of the Israelites immediately after the giving of the law, the use of some of the ancient excavations at Petra, and various questions connected with the topography of the Holy Land. The reasons of my judgment I have endeavored to state without dogmatism, and in a spirit, I trust, equally remote from the dangerous extremes of credulity and rationalism. In travelling through the land of Israel, my companions and myself were guided in the identification of Scripture sites principally by the coincidence of the ancient Hebrew and modern Arabic names, and their visible agreement with the localization of Scripture, and the notices of Eusebius and Jerome. It was, generally speaking, rather for purposes of confirmation than information respecting them, that we consulted the various works which we had in our possession. Except in a few cases, the grounds of judgment lie within very narrow bounds."—Vol. i., pp. vi.—ix.

"I devoted a great deal of my attention, when travelling, to the implementing of a commission which I had received from one of the committees of the church of Scotland, relative to the prosecution of research among the eastern Jews. Circumstances much favored me in my intercourse with these people, who are so much beloved for their fathers' sake; and I have been enabled, both in the first and second parts of my work, to bring to notice some matters connected with them, which, I trust, will be found not altogether devoid of interest and originality. A similar observation I may make, perhaps with more confidence, connected with the remnant of the Samaritans still sojourning at Shechem or Nábulus. The eastern Christians, the nominal representatives of our holy faith in the glorious lands in which it originated, and sojourning on the fron-

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Dr. Wilson embarked in a steamer at Bombay, in January, 1843—the first point to be touched by the vessel being our Arabian colony at 'Aden. After sailing six days, the coast of Arabia became visible, and two days later the small curved peninsula, the seat of the British settlement, was distinctly seen. The general aspect of the southern shore of Arabia, from the sea, is that of a mountainous, rocky, and sterile region, with little to make it welcome to man or beast. The neighborhood of 'Aden is not an exception in this respect. The peninsula on which our colony is situated is not five miles square, but is connected with a good bay, and strong natural means of defence. The population of the town is nearly 20,000, of which something less than one thousand only are Europeans. The town itself, says Dr. Wilson,

"is ensconced in an amphitheatre of rocky mountains, literally in the crater of a volcano, and with its only opening in the direction of the lofty and fortified islet of Sirah, which, when we first observed it, appeared merely part of the circle of hills, on the margin of which it is situated. The town, if found in another locality, would appear mean to extremity; but the oddness of its site disarms criticism. The attention is irresistibly arrested by the lofty and unscalable walls, and impregnable towers and bulwarks which nature hath reared around it. The houses, or rather huts, are in rows, traversing a small valley, and very slight in their construction, and limited in their accommodation. Many of them are entirely of wicker-work, with wagon roofs, with interwoven leaves of the date-palm for a covering. Not a few of them have flat roofs. They are generally of undressed stone, compacted with layers and pillars of wood instead of mortar. Not a glass window is to be seen; and the apertures for admitting the light are so small that they defy the entrance of the thief. Those in the Jews' quarter are the most respectable; but even of them little favorable can be said. The palace of the Sultán is a forsaken tenement; but in the days of yore it must, as an Asiatic domicile, have been worthy of its occupant. One of the most conspicuous objects in the town is the tomb of the Muhammadan saint, Idrís ibn 'Abdallah. Few towers or minarets are visible. Numerous wells and tanks, excavated with care, many of which have become useless, may also be observed. The residence of Captain

Haines, of the I. N., formerly engaged in the survey of this part of the coast, and from the first the political agent or governor of our Arabian possessions, is in the form of a neat Indian bungalow. We got the kindest and most hospitable welcome from its inmates. At the post office, in a neighboring cottage, I had the pleasure of receiving communications from Britain, which had arrived by the last mail."—Vol. i., pp. 14—16.

Even here, where the lichen often finds it difficult to subsist, religions—the hoary religions of the east—retain their hold, and along with them the no less ancient spirit of traffic. Even here, too, that invaluable institution, the Bible Society, has its good deeds to speak for it. A Jew, a man of some authority among his brethren, had on hand thirty-six copies of the Hebrew Scriptures for distribution at half the cost price. Leaving the abode of this man, says Dr. Wilson,

"we went to that of Moshe Menahem, the 'ruler of the Jews,' who politely walked with us to the synagogue. He is the only Israelite at 'Aden who reads and writes Arabic in its proper character; and I had pleasure in making him a little gift similar to that which I had put into the hands of the Nási. At the synagogue we found about twenty persons engaged in repeating night prayers, some of whom were standing at the door and lobby, as if unworthy to enter the interior. The synagogue, which is the only public building which the Jews of 'Aden possess, is of the plainest description, being merely a square room of considerable height, but with scarcely a hole to admit the light. Its furniture is very limited, consisting of a small desk and three or four stools, a coarse mat spread over the floor, three or four tumblers used as lamps, and several ostrich eggs as ornaments, suspended from the roof. At the synagogue we were introduced to a Jew from India, who saluted us very cordially, and joined himself to our company. In the course of our wanderings and meanderings in the town, we came upon one of the three or four Jewish schools,' at which the young idea, as in most aboriginal seminaries in the east, is taught rather how to *shout* than to shoot. About a dozen boys, without either book or paper before them, were following their pedagogue in the recitation of some passages of the Hebrew Scriptures, bawling at the utmost pitch of their voices. Most of the adult Jews with whom we afterwards came into contact seemed timid and retiring, and destitute of that ease and confidence which, under the British government, they will not long fail to obtain. In the bázars we observed a considerable number of shopkeepers from India, attracted to this rising place, doubtless, by the *auri sacra fames* which has so widely dispersed the high-turbaned and long-headed Baníás and Bhátíás, along the shores both of Arabia and Africa. An enterprising Pársi was here and there observed, as their rival, pushing his way through the throng, or sitting over his baskets and making love to the Indian camp-followers, that they might serve themselves at his store."—Vol. i., pp. 17, 18.

Of course the great majority of the people of 'Aden are Mohammedans, but their religious forms do not seem to be in very scrupulous observance. The voyage of Dr. Wilson, from 'Aden to Suez presents nothing memorable, but we cannot quit

this extended line of the Arabian peninsula without reminding our readers of the ground on which even these regions should be regarded as among "the Lands of the Bible." The merchandise of the ancient Phœnicians consisted partly in produce of their own, but chiefly in wares which they obtained from other countries. Even in respect to their own manufactures, the raw material must have come to them almost entirely from a distance. These facts demonstrate the existence of an extensive land trade. Of this trade, an instructive description is given in the twenty-seventh chapter of the book of Ezekiel. The ode of the prophet, setting forth, as it does, the commercial grandeur of Tyre, presents a map of the countries to which this commerce extended, describing, with special minuteness, the places frequented by the merchants of Tyre on the coast of Arabia, and which connected the trade of that people with India. The following is the language of the prophet, as rendered by Michaelis:—"Waden and Javan brought thee from Sanaa sword-blades, cassia, and cinnamon, in exchange for thy wares. The merchants of Saba and of Raema traded with thee: the best spices, precious stones and gold, brought they to thee for thy wares. Haran, Canna, Aden, Saba, traded with thee." Now some of these places—as Aden, Canna, and Haran, all famous seaports on the Indian sea; as well as Sanaa and Saba, or Mariaba, still the capital of Yemen, have the same means to this hour; and if the exact site of Waden is uncertain, it is beyond doubt that it was situated in the straits of Babelmandel. These references clearly show how familiar to the people of Palestine were the great trade marts of Arabia Felix, and of the regions still more remote. The portion of Arabia stretching along the shore, from the Arabian to the Persian Gulf, might well have received the name of Arabia the Happy, if contrasted with the internal desert; for though not uniformly fertile, it has its spots of richness and beauty among the coast mountains, which are nowhere else to be paralleled in that vast peninsula. The value of the Arabian marts arose, in part, from the produce of their own neighborhood, but still more from their becoming the emporium of Ethiopian and Indian merchandise, including—besides their own frankincense, myrrh, cinnamon, cassia, gold, precious stones—other products almost without number. The result was, that Arabia Felix included cities scarcely inferior to those of Phœnicia, or of Attica itself, in wealth and splendor. Of all this, at present a few traces only remain, some of which came under the notice of Dr. Wilson at 'Aden. It is not now improbable that the old traffic, with its consequent opulence and civilization, may in a great part return to those long-deserted regions.

In Suez, the greatest seaport of the Red Sea, the following proofs of the tolerant spirit of Mohammad Ali came under the notice of our traveller:—

"Before we left the governor, an Arab, arrayed according to the Turkish fashion, addressed us in

excellent English. He proved to be one of the young Felláhin, who had been sent to Europe for his education by Muhammad 'Ali. He had been seven and a half years in Britain, and principally educated at Glasgow, where he had embraced Christianity, and been baptized. He remembered with affection his Christian friends in that city, mentioning particularly the names of Drs. Brown and Smyth, two of its most distinguished and respected ministers. He still held fast, he said, the profession of his faith, though he had been induced to unite himself in marriage to a young woman, a member of a Muhammadan family. He was engaged for the present as an assistant to Mr. Levick, the English vice-consul at Suez; but he expected to be soon called to Cairo by the Páshá, who retained a claim to his services, as to those of all persons whom he educates, both at home and abroad. Muhammad 'Ali he represented as tolerant to the young men who embraced Christianity when in Europe, and as determined to keep in abeyance the law of the Musalmáns, which requires converts to Christianity to be put to death. Complaints against them by the bigoted devotees of the Kurán, he said, he had more than once dismissed. Similar favorable testimonies respecting his highness I elsewhere received. I was told that on one occasion, when a woman was taken before him to be condemned to death for apostasy from Islám, he dismissed her by merely saying that she had merely acted a foolish part; and that after her departure he severely reprimanded her accusers, adding that he hoped that no similar case would again be brought to his attention, as it was enough for him to see that his subjects did their duty to him as their ruler, and refrained from injuring their neighbors."—Vol. i., pp. 41, 42.

In the journey from Suez, our author saw the *mirage* of the desert in much greater distinctness than in India. "This was a phenomenon," says Dr. Wilson, "which we afterwards frequently witnessed in our journey through Arabia Petraea, and in such a state of perfection, that nothing but a knowledge of our locality, and an experience of its deceitfulness, could induce us, at a little distance from it, to believe that it was anything else than an extensive sheet or copious lake of water, of crystal purity, reflecting the forms of the mountains and other surrounding objects, and even the clouds of heaven, sometimes in their proper position, and sometimes inversely." The Arabic word *saráb*, given to this appearance, is the same with the Hebrew word שָׁרֵב, the word used by Isaiah with great propriety and beauty—

"For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert,
And the *mirage* shall become a lake, and the thirsty land springs of water."

The cruel deception shall become a merciful reality. Mohammed makes a similar use of this term—

"The works of the unbelievers are like the *seráb* in the plain,
Which the thirsty imagines to be water, till he goes and finds it to be nought."

Dr. Wilson has favored us with an account of his impressions on entering Cairo—

"To the visitor from India, there is nothing at first sight very striking in the interior of Cairo, except in so far as the large and dense town itself contrasts with the absolute desolation and solitude of the desert through which he has just passed. His eye is accustomed to narrow, irregular, and dirty streets, crowded *bázars*, lofty minarets, and swelling domes, and to a people of varied hue and romantic costume. Yet he does soon perceive that in Cairo he is not in an Indian city. Its houses he finds higher, larger, of more durable material, more crowded together, more sombre and shaded, with their overjutting upper stories, than those of Hindustán. Its *bázars* and shops are constructed and fitted up with far more order and taste, and better adaptation to their object, than those in which the Wánis and Borahs dispense their wares. Its men are more substantially and gracefully clothed, but less cleanly in their persons, than those with whom he has been familiar in the further east. Its women he cannot at all compare with the daughters of India, for by their impenetrable and frightful veils, and shapeless mantles and robes, inflated with and floating on the breeze, their face and form are alike rendered invisible. The distressing grunt and heavy tread of the *pálkhí*-bearer have given way to the yelling, and poking, and lashing of the donkey-boy. The *gádís*, buggies, and hurly-gigs of all shapes and sizes, such as are seen in Bombay, are so completely wanting, that whole days may pass without seeing a single wheel vehicle. The streets, in fact, are so narrow, that most of them do not permit a carriage, even of the smallest dimensions to pass along. The courtesy and sycophancy of the multitude have entirely disappeared. Though he is not now insulted on the highways, as before the days of Muhammad 'Ali he would not have failed to be, he sees none of that deference shown to him in public which he experiences in India, where the submissive and peaceable Hindú hails him as at once his lord and benefactor."—Vol. i., pp. 54, 55.

Mohammed Ali, whose capital is thus described, is one of the most extraordinary men of our time. He was born at Cavalla, in Roumelia, in 1769. His father was a chief of police. He came into Egypt in 1800, as second in command with 300 men, to resist the French. Amidst the confusion and perils of that juncture, his sagacity, courage, and promptitude gave him such paramount influence, that in the rebellion of 1805, when the Mameluke sheikhs refused to receive the new representative of the sultan, Kourchid Pacha, they called Mohammed Ali to the supreme command, an appointment which the sultan himself deemed it expedient to confirm. But six years later, the Mameluke boys were detected in conspiracies against him; he did not conceal from them his knowledge of their plottings, and had urged them, it is said, to withdraw, and to find better employment in Upper Egypt, previous to the memorable day when they were treacherously surrendered to the bullets of his guards in Cairo. Not content with the subsequent confirmation of his authority by the Porte, Mohammed Ali extended his conquests over Syria, and had made inroads in Asia Minor, when he was checked by the intervention of the cabinets of Europe. His successes threw the usual prestige about him. He was believed to be invincible. Such was probably his own con-

viction. Wherever his power has extended, his authority has swallowed up the petty authorities between which the country was divided; the effect of which has been, greater protection, greater order, and wonderfully greater production, both in arts and agriculture, but withal an extraordinary amount of exaction, to enable him to realize the schemes of his ambition. The plague and war have repeatedly threatened him with destruction; his projects have often brought on him an expenditure, to which even his enormous demands in the shape of revenue have been unequal—still there he is, not menacing Asia Minor, it is true, nor any longer the master of Syria, but the recognized sovereign of a country which forms the great passage between the east and west; and if no longer astir in arms, signalized by no less activity in more humane pursuits, as the protector of commerce, the friend of education, and the strong hand which has substituted order almost European, in the place of anarchy worse than Asiatic. Certain of our readers will probably be interested with some account of the educational doings of Mohammed Ali.

"The scheme of public instruction in Egypt, I may take this opportunity of mentioning, embraces primary, preparatory, and polytechnic, and special schools. The primary amount to four in Cairo, and one in Alexandria, of 200 pupils each, and forty-five in the provinces of 100 each, making altogether 5500 pupils, who are instructed in reading and writing Arabic, the first rules of arithmetic, and 'religious instruction.' A suitable set of books has not yet been prepared for them. The preparatory schools are only two, one being at Cairo with 1500, and one at Alexandria with 500 scholars. They receive their pupils from the primary. Their course embraces four years, which are devoted to the Arabic, Turkish, and Persian languages, arithmetic, elementary algebra, elementary geometry, calligraphy, and lineary design and drawing. The polytechnic school receives its pupils from the preparatory schools. Its course is one of three years, and directed to elementary geography, algebra, rectilinear and spherical trigonometry, descriptive geometry, statics, analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus, mechanics, geodesy, physics, chemistry, astronomy, mineralogy, architecture, geology, construction of machines, drawing, engineering, and mining. The polytechnic pupils who finish their curriculum satisfactorily, become sub-lieutenants in the army, at the call of the Páshá, and those who are rejected become non-commissioned officers. Among the special schools is one, the object of which is to furnish translators for the different public departments, and monitors for the preparatory schools. The others are respectively devoted to the training of persons for the different branches of the army, and the medical service. The standard of proficiency at all of them is most respectable. The youths attending them are generally selected, when necessary, by conscription, but some of them are volunteers; and they are fed and clothed at the expense of the government, which thus establishes its demand on their services. A vigilant system of superintendence is maintained, and periodical examinations, at which rewards are distributed, test the attainments, and encourage the application, of the pupils. Though the advances of the public services of the country, and the maintenance of his

own power and influence, are the grand objects which Muhammad Ali has in view in his support of education, he still deserves great praise for the encouragement which the cause receives at his hands. It must in many ways ultimately tell on the elevation of the country, and the advancement of his people. How much it is needed must be apparent from a glance at the indigenous and religious schools of the country."—Vol. i., pp. 71, 72.

These "religious schools" are all connected with the mosques, and are in the hands of priests. The children are taught to read, seldom to write, and the instruction given is almost everywhere of the most frivolous and worthless description, relating, for the most part, to trivial things connected with the Mohammedan worship and superstitions—a sort of training which no doubt passes as being very religious.

We shall not accompany Dr. Wilson in his visit to the pyramids in the neighborhood of Cairo, nor shall we attempt a critical estimate of the speculations presented in his pages concerning the march of the Israelites in the direction of the Red Sea. Great obscurity rests, and was, perhaps, designed to rest, on the question concerning the precise locality of events so pregnant with religious interest. We cite the following incident, for the reason mentioned by Dr. Wilson, and for other reasons that will readily occur to the biblical student:—

"About mid-day we came to a chasm running to the right, and still narrower than that through which we were passing. One of our guides reported that water was to be found in it, and there was a general rush to the place where the precious treasure was to be procured. The water, all derived from recent rains, was found collected in pools among the rocks; and one of these pools, called by our Arabs Bír-Ramlíyah, or the well of Ramlíyah, contained a quantity more than sufficient to supply a large body of men and cattle. We replenished our skins with it, as we found it perfectly sweet and pure. Its occurrence suggested to us the rains of heaven, overlooked by infidels and rationalists, as the possible means by which the Israelites were supplied with this indispensable element in many of their marches through the wilderness. 'Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance when it was weary.' The tremendous storms of thunder and hail over the whole land of Egypt, which formed one of the ten plagues, would alone have been more than sufficient to provide any quantities of the needful element for the Israelites, previous to their passage of the Red Sea."—Vol. i., p. 131.

The point at which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea can be determined with a nearer approach to certainty than the route by which they arrived at it.

"Near the north-east corner of the Badiya, there are a few high detached rocks which lie close to the shore. Most of our party left them to the right on rounding the corner of Jebel Atákah, or the Mountain of Deliverance; but Mr. Sherlock and I proceeded straight to the Red Sea before turning northward. We believed, for reasons to be afterwards stated, that when we were within the water mark there, we were near the spot where Moses

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"is esconced in an amphitheatre of rocky mountains, literally in the crater of a volcano, and with its only opening in the direction of the lofty and fortified islet of Sirah, which, when we first observed it, appeared merely part of the circle of hills, on the margin of which it is situated. The town, if found in another locality, would appear mean to extremity; but the oddness of its site disarms criticism. The attention is irresistibly arrested by the lofty and unscalable walls, and impregnable towers and bulwarks which nature hath reared around it. The houses, or rather huts, are in rows, traversing a small valley, and very slight in their construction, and limited in their accommodation. Many of them are entirely of wicker-work, with wagon roofs, with interwoven leaves of the date-palm for a covering. Not a few of them have flat roofs. They are generally of undressed stone, compacted with layers and pillars of wood instead of mortar. Not a glass window is to be seen; and the apertures for admitting the light are so small that they defy the entrance of the thief. Those in the Jews' quarter are the most respectable; but even of them little favorable can be said. The palace of the Sultán is a forsaken tenement; but in the days of yore it must, as an Asiatic domicile, have been worthy of its occupant. One of the most conspicuous objects in the town is the tomb of the Muhammadan saint, Idris ibn 'Abdallah. Few towers or minarets are visible. Numerous wells and tanks, excavated with care, many of which have become useless, may also be observed. The residence of Captain

Haines, of the I. N., formerly engaged in the survey of this part of the coast, and from the first the political agent or governor of our Arabian possessions, is in the form of a neat Indian bungalow. We got the kindest and most hospitable welcome from its inmates. At the post office, in a neighboring cottage, I had the pleasure of receiving communications from Britain, which had arrived by the last mail."—Vol. i., pp. 14—16.

Even here, where the lichen often finds it difficult to subsist, religions—the hoary religions of the east—retain their hold, and along with them the no less ancient spirit of traffic. Even here, too, that invaluable institution, the Bible Society, has its good deeds to speak for it. A Jew, a man of some authority among his brethren, had on hand thirty-six copies of the Hebrew Scriptures for distribution at half the cost price. Leaving the abode of this man, says Dr. Wilson,

"we went to that of Moshe Menahem, the 'ruler of the Jews,' who politely walked with us to the synagogue. He is the only Israelite at 'Aden who reads and writes Arabic in its proper character; and I had pleasure in making him a little gift similar to that which I had put into the hands of the Nási. At the synagogue we found about twenty persons engaged in repeating night prayers, some of whom were standing at the door and lobby, as if unworthy to enter the interior. The synagogue, which is the only public building which the Jews of 'Aden possess, is of the plainest description, being merely a square room of considerable height, but with scarcely a hole to admit the light. Its furniture is very limited, consisting of a small desk and three or four stools, a coarse mat spread over the floor, three or four tumblers used as lamps, and several ostrich eggs as ornaments, suspended from the roof. At the synagogue we were introduced to a Jew from India, who saluted us very cordially, and joined himself to our company. In the course of our wanderings and meanderings in the town, we came upon one of the three or four Jewish 'schools,' at which the young idea, as in most aboriginal seminaries in the east, is taught rather how to *shout* than to *shoot*. About a dozen boys, without either book or paper before them, were following their pedagogue in the recitation of some passages of the Hebrew Scriptures, bawling at the utmost pitch of their voices. Most of the adult Jews with whom we afterwards came into contact seemed timid and retiring, and destitute of that ease and confidence which, under the British government, they will not long fail to obtain. In the *bázars* we observed a considerable number of shopkeepers from India, attracted to this rising place, doubtless, by the *auri sacra fames* which has so widely dispersed the high-turbaned and long-headed Baníás and Bhátíás, along the shores both of Arabia and Africa. An enterprising Pársi was here and there observed, as their rival, pushing his way through the throng, or sitting over his baskets and making love to the Indian camp-followers, that they might serve themselves at his store."—Vol. i., pp. 17, 18.

Of course the great majority of the people of 'Aden are Mohammedans, but their religious forms do not seem to be in very scrupulous observance. The voyage of Dr. Wilson, from 'Aden to Suez presents nothing memorable, but we cannot quit

this extended line of the Arabian peninsula without reminding our readers of the ground on which even these regions should be regarded as among "the Lands of the Bible." The merchandise of the ancient Phœnicians consisted partly in produce of their own, but chiefly in wares which they obtained from other countries. Even in respect to their own manufactures, the raw material must have come to them almost entirely from a distance. These facts demonstrate the existence of an extensive land trade. Of this trade, an instructive description is given in the twenty-seventh chapter of the book of Ezekiel. The ode of the prophet, setting forth, as it does, the commercial grandeur of Tyre, presents a map of the countries to which this commerce extended, describing, with special minuteness, the places frequented by the merchants of Tyre on the coast of Arabia, and which connected the trade of that people with India. The following is the language of the prophet, as rendered by Michaelis:—"Waden and Javan brought thee from Sanaa sword-blades, cassia, and cinnamon, in exchange for thy wares. The merchants of Saba and of Raema traded with thee: the best spices, precious stones and gold, brought they to thee for thy wares. Haran, Canna, Aden, Saba, traded with thee." Now some of these places—as Aden, Canna, and Haran, all famous seaports on the Indian sea; as well as Sanaa and Saba, or Mariaba, still the capital of Yemen, have the same means to this hour; and if the exact site of Waden is uncertain, it is beyond doubt that it was situated in the straits of Babelmandel. These references clearly show how familiar to the people of Palestine were the great trade marts of Arabia Felix, and of the regions still more remote. The portion of Arabia stretching along the shore, from the Arabian to the Persian Gulf, might well have received the name of Arabia the Happy, if contrasted with the internal desert; for though not uniformly fertile, it has its spots of richness and beauty among the coast mountains, which are nowhere else to be paralleled in that vast peninsula. The value of the Arabian marts arose, in part, from the produce of their own neighborhood, but still more from their becoming the emporium of Ethiopian and Indian merchandise, including—besides their own frankincense, myrrh, cinnamon, cassia, gold, precious stones—other products almost without number. The result was, that Arabia Felix included cities scarcely inferior to those of Phœnicia, or of Attica itself, in wealth and splendor. Of all this, at present a few traces only remain, some of which came under the notice of Dr. Wilson at 'Aden. It is not now improbable that the old traffic, with its consequent opulence and civilization, may in a great part return to those long-deserted regions.

In Suez, the greatest seaport of the Red Sea, the following proofs of the tolerant spirit of Mohammad Ali came under the notice of our traveller:—

"Before we left the governor, an Arab, arrayed according to the Turkish fashion, addressed us in

excellent English. He proved to be one of the young Felláhin, who had been sent to Europe for his education by Muhammad 'Ali. He had been seven and a half years in Britain, and principally educated at Glasgow, where he had embraced Christianity, and been baptized. He remembered with affection his Christian friends in that city, mentioning particularly the names of Drs. Brown and Smyth, two of its most distinguished and respected ministers. He still held fast, he said, the profession of his faith, though he had been induced to unite himself in marriage to a young woman, a member of a Muhammadan family. He was engaged for the present as an assistant to Mr. Levick, the English vice-consul at Suez; but he expected to be soon called to Cairo by the Páshá, who retained a claim to his services, as to those of all persons whom he educates, both at home and abroad. Muhammad 'Ali he represented as tolerant to the young men who embraced Christianity when in Europe, and as determined to keep in abeyance the law of the Musalmáns, which requires converts to Christianity to be put to death. Complaints against them by the bigoted devotees of the Kurán, he said, he had more than once dismissed. Similar favorable testimonies respecting his highness I elsewhere received. I was told that on one occasion, when a woman was taken before him to be condemned to death for apostasy from Islám, he dismissed her by merely saying that she had merely acted a foolish part; and that after her departure he severely reprimanded her accusers, adding that he hoped that no similar case would again be brought to his attention, as it was enough for him to see that his subjects did their duty to him as their ruler, and refrained from injuring their neighbors."—Vol. i., pp. 41, 42.

In the journey from Suez, our author saw the *mirage* of the desert in much greater distinctness than in India. "This was a phenomenon," says Dr. Wilson, "which we afterwards frequently witnessed in our journey through Arabia Petrea, and in such a state of perfection, that nothing but a knowledge of our locality, and an experience of its deceitfulness, could induce us, at a little distance from it, to believe that it was anything else than an extensive sheet or copious lake of water, of crystal purity, reflecting the forms of the mountains and other surrounding objects, and even the clouds of heaven, sometimes in their proper position, and sometimes inversely." The Arabic word *saráb*, given to this appearance, is the same with the Hebrew word שָׁרֵב, the word used by Isaiah with great propriety and beauty—

"For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert,
And the *mirage* shall become a lake, and the thirsty land springs of water."

The cruel deception shall become a merciful reality. Mohammed makes a similar use of this term—

"The works of the unbelievers are like the *seráb* in the plain,
Which the thirsty imagines to be water, till he goes and finds it to be nought."

Dr. Wilson has favored us with an account of his impressions on entering Cairo—

"To the visitor from India, there is nothing at first sight very striking in the interior of Cairo, except in so far as the large and dense town itself contrasts with the absolute desolation and solitude of the desert through which he has just passed. His eye is accustomed to narrow, irregular, and dirty streets, crowded bázars, lofty minarets, and swelling domes, and to a people of varied hue and romantic costume. Yet he does soon perceive that in Cairo he is not in an Indian city. Its houses he finds higher, larger, of more durable material, more crowded together, more sombre and shaded, with their overjutting upper stories, than those of Hindustán. Its bázars and shops are constructed and fitted up with far more order and taste, and better adaptation to their object, than those in which the Wánis and Borahs dispense their wares. Its men are more substantially and gracefully clothed, but less cleanly in their persons, than those with whom he has been familiar in the further east. Its women he cannot at all compare with the daughters of India, for by their impenetrable and frightful veils, and shapeless mantles and robes, inflated with and floating on the breeze, their face and form are alike rendered invisible. The distressing grunt and heavy tread of the pákhí-bearer have given way to the yelling, and poking, and lashing of the donkey-boy. The gádís, buggies, and hurly-gigs of all shapes and sizes, such as are seen in Bombay, are so completely wanting, that whole days may pass without seeing a single wheel vehicle. The streets, in fact, are so narrow, that most of them do not permit a carriage, even of the smallest dimensions to pass along. The courtesy and sycophancy of the multitude have entirely disappeared. Though he is not now insulted on the highways, as before the days of Muhammad 'Ali he would not have failed to be, he sees none of that deference shown to him in public which he experiences in India, where the submissive and peaceable Hindú hails him as at once his lord and benefactor."—Vol. i., pp. 54, 55.

Mohammed Ali, whose capital is thus described, is one of the most extraordinary men of our time. He was born at Cavalla, in Roumelia, in 1769. His father was a chief of police. He came into Egypt in 1800, as second in command with 300 men, to resist the French. Amidst the confusion and perils of that juncture, his sagacity, courage, and promptitude gave him such paramount influence, that in the rebellion of 1805, when the Mameluke sheikhs refused to receive the new representative of the sultan, Kourchid Pacha, they called Mohammed Ali to the supreme command, an appointment which the sultan himself deemed it expedient to confirm. But six years later, the Mameluke beys were detected in conspiracies against him; he did not conceal from them his knowledge of their plottings, and had urged them, it is said, to withdraw, and to find better employment in Upper Egypt, previous to the memorable day when they were treacherously surrendered to the bullets of his guards in Cairo. Not content with the subsequent confirmation of his authority by the Porte, Mohammed Ali extended his conquests over Syria, and had made inroads in Asia Minor, when he was checked by the intervention of the cabinets of Europe. His successes threw the usual prestige about him. He was believed to be invincible. Such was probably his own con-

viction. Wherever his power has extended, his authority has swallowed up the petty authorities between which the country was divided; the effect of which has been, greater protection, greater order, and wonderfully greater production, both in arts and agriculture, but withal an extraordinary amount of exaction, to enable him to realize the schemes of his ambition. The plague and war have repeatedly threatened him with destruction; his projects have often brought on him an expenditure, to which even his enormous demands in the shape of revenue have been unequal—still there he is, not menacing Asia Minor, it is true, nor any longer the master of Syria, but the recognized sovereign of a country which forms the great passage between the east and west; and if no longer astir in arms, signalized by no less activity in more humane pursuits, as the protector of commerce, the friend of education, and the strong hand which has substituted order almost European, in the place of anarchy worse than Asiatic. Certain of our readers will probably be interested with some account of the educational doings of Mohammed Ali.

"The scheme of public instruction in Egypt, I may take this opportunity of mentioning, embraces primary, preparatory, and polytechnic, and special schools. The primary amount to four in Cairo, and one in Alexandria, of 200 pupils each, and forty-five in the provinces of 100 each, making altogether 5500 pupils, who are instructed in reading and writing Arabic, the first rules of arithmetic, and 'religious instruction.' A suitable set of books has not yet been prepared for them. The preparatory schools are only two, one being at Cairo with 1500, and one at Alexandria with 500 scholars. They receive their pupils from the primary. Their course embraces four years, which are devoted to the Arabic, Turkish, and Persian languages, arithmetic, elementary algebra, elementary geometry, calligraphy, and lineary design and drawing. The polytechnic school receives its pupils from the preparatory schools. Its course is one of three years, and directed to elementary geography, algebra, rectilinear and spherical trigonometry, descriptive geometry, statics, analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus, mechanics, geodesy, physics, chemistry, astronomy, mineralogy, architecture, geology, construction of machines, drawing, engineering, and mining. The polytechnic pupils who finish their curriculum satisfactorily, become sub-lieutenants in the army, at the call of the Páshá, and those who are rejected become non-commissioned officers. Among the special schools is one, the object of which is to furnish translators for the different public departments, and monitors for the preparatory schools. The others are respectively devoted to the training of persons for the different branches of the army, and the medical service. The standard of proficiency at all of them is most respectable. The youths attending them are generally selected, when necessary, by conscription, but some of them are volunteers; and they are fed and clothed at the expense of the government, which thus establishes its demand on their services. A vigilant system of superintendence is maintained, and periodical examinations, at which rewards are distributed, test the attainments, and encourage the application, of the pupils. Though the advances of the public services of the country, and the maintenance of his

own power and influence, are the grand objects which Muhammad Ali has in view in his support of education, he still deserves great praise for the encouragement which the cause receives at his hands. It must in many ways ultimately tell on the elevation of the country, and the advancement of his people. How much it is needed must be apparent from a glance at the indigenous and religious schools of the country."—Vol. i., pp. 71, 72.

These "religious schools" are all connected with the mosques, and are in the hands of priests. The children are taught to read, seldom to write, and the instruction given is almost everywhere of the most frivolous and worthless description, relating, for the most part, to trivial things connected with the Mohammedan worship and superstitions—a sort of training which no doubt passes as being very religious.

We shall not accompany Dr. Wilson in his visit to the pyramids in the neighborhood of Cairo, nor shall we attempt a critical estimate of the speculations presented in his pages concerning the march of the Israelites in the direction of the Red Sea. Great obscurity rests, and was, perhaps, designed to rest, on the question concerning the precise locality of events so pregnant with religious interest. We cite the following incident, for the reason mentioned by Dr. Wilson, and for other reasons that will readily occur to the biblical student:—

"About mid-day we came to a chasm running to the right, and still narrower than that through which we were passing. One of our guides reported that water was to be found in it, and there was a general rush to the place where the precious treasure was to be procured. The water, all derived from recent rains, was found collected in pools among the rocks; and one of these pools, called by our Arabs Bir-Ramliyah, or the well of Ramliyah, contained a quantity more than sufficient to supply a large body of men and cattle. We replenished our skins with it, as we found it perfectly sweet and pure. Its occurrence suggested to us the rains of heaven, overlooked by infidels and rationalists, as the possible means by which the Israelites were supplied with this indispensable element in many of their marches through the wilderness. 'Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance when it was weary.' The tremendous storms of thunder and hail over the whole land of Egypt, which formed one of the ten plagues, would alone have been more than sufficient to provide any quantities of the needful element for the Israelites, previous to their passage of the Red Sea."—Vol. i., p. 131.

The point at which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea can be determined with a nearer approach to certainty than the route by which they arrived at it.

"Near the north-east corner of the Badiya, there are a few high detached rocks which lie close to the shore. Most of our party left them to the right on rounding the corner of Jebel Atákah, or the Mountain of Deliverance; but Mr. Sherlock and I proceeded straight to the Red Sea before turning northward. We believed, for reasons to be afterwards stated, that when we were within the water mark there, we were near the spot where Moses

at the Divine command, stretched his hand over the sea, and where 'at the blast of God's nostrils, the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.' We had no wish to rid ourselves of the sacred associations of the place, or to detract from that miraculous agency by which the way was thus marvellously prepared for the passage of God's people. We made an estimate of the distance across, with a view to our disposal of the objections of those who maintain that the Israelites could not have crossed the sea here in a single night as recorded in Exodus. We reckoned the width at about eight miles; but we formed our judgment merely from the eye, and were not inclined to lay much stress upon its accuracy. It appears, however, from Captain Moresby's admirable survey and chart, published by the East India Company, that we were not guilty of error.*—Vol. I., pp. 135, 136.

Dr. Wilson, while doing full justice to the eminent service rendered to sacred geography by Dr. Robinson, in his well-known Biblical Researches, complains seriously, and, we think, very justly, of the opinions of that writer concerning both the place and circumstances of this memorable transit. We deeply regret the tendency evinced by many theological critics, reputed orthodox and evangelical, to admit the rationalistic method of dealing with facts of this nature—so far, at least, as to reduce the miraculous to the lowest possible minimum, if not, in many cases, to preclude it altogether. No doubt, orthodox interpretations may be unsound, and may be perpetuated through prejudice or subserviency; but prejudice may have respect to the new no less than to the old, and what results from obstinacy in one case, may result from vanity in another. Suez, it should be remembered, is situated at the point where the Red Sea is bounded by the Isthmus of Suez—the waters which ascend higher than that town being very inconsiderable; while the point of the transit, according to Dr. Wilson, is some twelve or fifteen miles lower down, and there, as we have seen, the width of the sea is between six and seven miles. To suppose the passage to have taken place "through the arm of the gulf above Suez," is to preclude the necessity of a miracle; while the supposition, that it took place at the lower point mentioned, implies the necessity of such an intervention. The following passage is somewhat long; but we make space for it, as presenting an instance of the unwise sort of concession on the part of good men, to which we have adverted:—

"Dr Robinson, though he does not deny the miracle recorded in Exodus, considerably detracts from its magnitude. He ascribes a particular character to the 'strong east wind' of Moses, representing the miracle in which it originated as 'mediate,' not a direct interference with the laws of nature, but a 'miraculous adaptation of those laws to pro-

duce a required result.' He ventures to do this, though there is not a syllable in the Bible explanatory of the peculiar nature of the wind, as arising from a non-suspension or non-interference with the laws of nature, or otherwise. Is not this being wise above what is written? 'In the somewhat indefinite phraseology of the Hebrew, an east wind,' he goes on to say, 'means any wind from the eastern quarter; and would include the north-east wind which often prevails in this region.' This, it will be observed, is a pure supposition, and not so admissible when the general direction of the gulf of Suez is adverted to, as another which it suggests, that a north-east wind would be denominated in the Hebrew from the north and not from the east, as is done by Moses. 'A strong north-east wind,' the doctor adds, 'acting upon the ebb-tide, would necessarily have the effect to drive out the waters from the small arm of the sea which runs up by Suez, and also from the end of the gulf itself, leaving the shallower portions dry; while the northern part of the arm, which was anciently broader and deeper than at present, would still remain covered with water. Thus the waters would be divided, and be a wall (or defence) to the Israelites on the right hand and on the left.' The 'ebb-tide' here, I need scarcely observe, is a pure invention. Such an action of the wind as this is a mere skimming of the waters and forcing them away down the gulf, to leave the shallows, both at the extremity of the arm and near Suez, dry, and the upper pools, lying immediately between them, undisturbed in their depths; but it is obvious, that whatever its effects might be at the extremity of the arm of the sea, where most certainly the Israelites did not pass, as there there would be no water on their left hand to correspond with the statement of the Bible, it might, commencing there and extending downwards, blow the deep waters out of the arm to the head of the gulf, and upon the very shallows which, according to the theory, should be made bare. The effect of a wind upon a deep body of water communicating with one less deep and in the direction of that shallower body, is to increase the depth of the shallower body, as may be constantly observed in the case of our Scottish lakes and rivers. But, overlooking this circumstance, where, I would ask the doctor, in his view of the matter, is the wall spoken of in Scripture? Dr. Robinson wishes us to dispose of it in a figure, and to commute it for a 'defence.' But is it not said, that the FLOODS stood upright as an heap, and the 'FLOODS were congealed in the heart of the sea?' This is poetry, the doctor would say. True, but it is the poetry of inspiration, having a becoming sense. It surely means more than that the waters were blown off a mere shallow.

"But the doctor has to do with 'the interval of time during which the passage was effected,' as well as with 'the means or instrument with which the miracle was wrought.' He has spoken of an 'extraordinary ebb thus brought about by natural means;' and he 'cannot assume' that 'it would continue more than three or four hours at the most.' 'The Israelites were probably on the alert, and entered upon the passage as soon as the way was practicable; but as the wind must have acted for some time before the required effect would be produced, we cannot well assume that they set off before the middle watch, or towards midnight. Before the morning watch, or two o'clock, they had probably completed the passage; for the Egyptians had entered after them, and were destroyed before

*I have already remarked (p. 36) that the Badiya', or Wadi Tawarik bears the Arabic name of Wadi Musa, or Valley of Moses, in Captain Moresby's map. When I asked our sheikh if this name was correct, he said, "This is indeed the path of our Lord Moses." On cross-examination, he continued to make the same affirmation.

the morning appeared. As the Israelites numbered more than two millions of persons, besides flocks and herds, they would of course be able to pass but slowly. If the part left dry were broad enough to enable them to cross in a body, one thousand abreast, which would require a space of more than *half-a-mile* in breadth, (and is perhaps the largest supposition admissible,) still the column would be more than two thousand persons in depth; and in all probability could not have extended less than *two miles*. It would then have occupied at least an hour in passing over its own length, or in entering the sea; and deducting this from the largest time intervening, before the Egyptians must also have entered the sea, there will remain only time enough, under the circumstances, for the body of the Israelites to have passed at the most over a space of three or four miles. This circumstance is fatal to the hypothesis of their having crossed from Wádí Tawárik, since the breadth of the sea at that point, according to Niebuhr's measurement, is three German, or twelve geographical miles, equal to a whole day's journey.' In reply to this, I have to say, that I do not see that the Scripture narrative suggests a single one of the contingencies here referred to. The 'ebb-tide' is a pure hypothesis of the doctor; and, as we have already seen, it is one not to be admitted. But supposing its occurrence by a wind raised and directed miraculously—by what in the figurative language of the Bible is called the 'BLAST of God's nostrils'—is it not somewhat presumptuous in us, without direct information to guide us, to limit it to 'three or four hours at the most?' 'The Lord,' it is said, 'caused the sea to go back (or asunder) by a strong east wind *all that night*.' We have no warrant to suppose that the miracle took any length of time to reach its perfection. It may, for anything we know to the contrary, have nearly instantaneously followed the stretching out of the hand of Moses over the sea, and the miraculous rising of the 'strong east wind,' *diagonally cutting the waters*, and not merely rolling them down the gulf as a retiring tide—as was the case with the Jordan, the moment that the soles of the feet of the priests that bore the ark of the Lord, touched its impetuous floods. The Israelites might have been three or four hours in the bed of the sea, before midnight. There is no authority even for alleging that they had 'completed their passage before two o'clock,' and that the Egyptians were 'destroyed before the morning appeared.' What is stated by Moses is, that in (or *during*) the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily.' This seems to have been done as if to prevent their overtaking the Israelites *still in the bed of the sea*. The Egyptians were destroyed only when the morning actually appeared. 'Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it, and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.' The time of the miracle is obviously the whole night, at the season of the year, too, when the night would be about its average length. There was thus ample time afforded for the passage of the Israelites from any part of the Wádí Tawárik, the exact measurement of which I have already given, and which, in its northern part, as we have already seen, is not twelve geographical miles in breadth, but only six and a half. Extending the line of the Israelites

along the shores of that Wádí, where the gulf widens, and making even the deduction of a few hours from the night, we do not assign them anything like an impossibility, when we suppose that they could perform a journey before the morning, of twelve or fifteen miles, especially when we advert to their probable excitement and animation, by the gracious and wonderful interposition of Providence which had been made in their behalf.

"Connected with the 'main points' of '*means*' and '*time*' which Robinson brings to our notice, there is one of *space* to which he does not sufficiently advert. The arm of the sea at Suez, including the shallows which are left bare at ebb-tide, varies from a half-mile to two miles in breadth. Even supposing that it was somewhat wider in the days of old, it scarcely seems sufficient for the line of the Israelites, and that of the Egyptians, marching across, and the intervention of the angel of God, and of the pillar of the cloud which was light by night to the former people, and darkness to the latter, so that 'the one came not near the other all the night.' Dr. Robinson, we have seen, ascribes to the line of the Israelites alone, a length not 'less than two miles,' being the whole distance from shore to shore at the widest part, and leaving no room for the army of the Egyptians, and their chariots, and the interval which the narrative requires." —Vol. i., pp. 149—154.

The judgment, not only of Dr. Wilson, but of his companions in travel, was decided, for these, and for other reasons, which we cannot find space to state, that the passage of the Israelites did not take place near Suez, and that it did take place at the front of the Ras Atakah. The next stage of our travellers was from Ayun Musa, or the Wells of Moses, to Mount Sinai—the place to which the name of the Hebrew prophet is thus given being the landing point in those parts on the Asiatic side of the Red Sea. Entering on this portion of his pilgrimage, the author supplies the following picture of what is called travel in the desert:—

"I have now become quite in love with our desert life, notwithstanding the exposure and fatigue which are inseparable from our movements. We are generally awoke in the morning, about day-break, by the cheerful and melodious voice of Mr. Waters, the African servant of Mr. Smith, whose extraordinary musical powers charm not only ourselves, but the wildest Arabs of our Kafilah, who remain in the silence of enchantment till he has finished his performance. This faithful attendant, whose duties are principally confined to the morning watch, is sure to have a cup of coffee ready for us, before we can leave our sandy couch. Anon, recovering from the entrancement into which they affect to be thrown, the Arabs begin to stir, and chatter, around us. Their first concern is their camels, which they recall from their wanderings, if, as is most commonly the case, they have not collected them together before committing themselves to sleep at night. A piece of bread generally serves these simple and hardy people for their morning meal; and they make all due haste in its mastication, that they may have a little time to luxuriate among the fumes of the pipe, which they consider indispensable to their existence. On sallying forth from our tents, we seek to enjoy the 'cool,' if not the fragrant and the 'silent hour,' to 'meditation due,' and take a general survey of the scene around us, visiting all the

spots of interest in our neighborhood, and examining, as far as possible, the geological structure of the country; a work comparatively easy in these barren regions, where rock, and hill, and mountain, are everywhere laid bare to the student. The picture stretched out before us, is but rude and sombre; and in all 'the melancholy bounds, rude ruins glitter.' While my friends are occupied in taking down the tents, and superintending the loading of the camels, I am generally busy with my note-book. Our breakfast we soon discuss, either seated on our camp-stools, or standing around the humble board on which it is spread. It consists of bread or biscuit, hard as the stones of the desert, of the best tea which the Bombay bazar could afford—some of us having received due warning against the collection of bitter and narcotic leaves which passes under the name in Egypt—and of preserved meats, the fragments of our dinner on the preceding evening. Our commissary of stores furnishes us, in addition, with certain provender for the day, of eatables and drinkables, including water, the most valued of all, to be slung over our camels, and to be ready at hand to meet the demands of the keen appetite and fiery thirst which fresh air and copious exercise, and a scorching sun, fail not to encourage and produce. When our camels get in motion, we generally follow them for a mile or two on foot, before we mount them; and we often give them a similar relief at noon, and just before the conclusion of our march for the day. We go very quietly on our way, averaging about two geographical miles in the hour, except when we make digressions from the main body of our company, when we contrive to trot along at about double this speed. We have become quite reconciled to our rolling and pitching on our lofty conveyancers; and we can dispose ourselves so conveniently upon them, that we can write, and even rudely sketch with our pencils. The conversation among ourselves consists of demonstrations and commentaries connected with the objects which pass under our notice. I have very often our sheikh as my companion; and my own Badawî attendant, Ibrahim of the Kareishi—from whom our sheikh has hired a number of our camels—is a perfect model of care and politeness, not only in tending the animal on which I ride, but in handing up to me stones and plants, and whatever else I may choose to inspect. Both these persons are fond of being examined about the notabilities of the road, and the manners and customs of the tribes to which they belong. When I am at a loss to understand them, Mordecai, the Jew from Bombay, or Deirî from Cairo, proves my interpreter. Many a joke is cracked over the head of our Hebrew friend; but the regard which we express for him, prevents this from passing into derision. Mr. Waters is often assailed by the wittings of the Nile, who can converse with him in English; but he is quite able to maintain his ground with them, except when his camel takes the pet, and sets upon playing its pranks, by first shaking its head from side to side, then roaring most unmercifully, as if about to be crushed to death by its burden, and last of all, dropping down on its front-knees and refusing to rise. This camel is the only naughty one of our herd; though one or two have the custom, disagreeable to us, of protruding something like a bladder from their mouths, and emitting and tossing the saliva with which it is covered, right in our faces. To the respective animals on which we ourselves ride, whose meekness, tractableness, patience, perseverance, and utility, we greatly admire, we have formed

quite an attachment; and we have all had occasion to notice the wonderful adaptation, by the God of creation, of the camel to the purposes for which it is designed."—Vol. i., pp. 165—168.

The first object of interest in the route now taken was what is called the "well of destruction," the *Marah* of Scripture.

"It occupies a small basin about five feet in diameter, and eighteen inches deep, and to some extent it oozes through the sands, leaving, like the wells of Moses, a deposit of lime. I believe that I was the first of our party to essay to drink of its water; but the Arabs, on observing me about to take a potation of it, exclaimed, '*Murrah, murrah, murrah*,'—'It is bitter, bitter, bitter.' This fountain has been almost universally admitted by travellers, since the days of Burckhardt, who first precisely indicates its situation to be the true *Marah* of Scripture, as it is found in a situation about thirty miles from the place where the Israelites must have landed on the eastern shore of the Red Sea—a space sufficient for their march, when they went three days in the wilderness and found no water. No other constant spring is found in the intermediate space. It retains its ancient character, and has a bad name among the Arabs, who seldom allow their camels to partake of it. Only one or two of our animals tasted it; and the Arabs left us to experiment upon its qualities alone, without even applying it to their lips. Though the murmurings of the Israelites, involving as they did a complaint against Providence, were sinful, it is not to be wondered at that Moses, considering the quality of the water which they here had to drink, cried unto the Lord for their relief. 'The Lord showed him a tree which, when he cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.' The healing virtue of this tree probably flowed directly from God, who sometimes works by means, which, like the rod of Moses stretched over the sea, are merely the symbols of his power, or the indices of the commencement of its action. The Badawî of these deserts know of no process now of sweetening bitter water; but the credulity of rationalism can find one sufficiently potent for the purpose of effecting a change in a supply of the element required for the two million and a half of souls comprising the hosts of Israel. Burckhardt has directed our attention to a plant, delighting, like the palm, in a saline soil, and growing near this and similar fountains. It is called Gharkad by the Arabs. The juice of its berries might be adequate, it is alleged, to qualify the nauseous liquid. But where, it may be asked, could a sufficient quantity of these berries be found to make a million or two of gallons of drinkable syrup!"—Vol. i., pp. 170—172.

Nothing can be more pitiable than has been the result of this method of dealing with the Scripture miracles—admitting the substantial genuine-

"* The Gharkad is the *Peganum Retusum* of Forskal, *Flor. Egypt.* p. 66. Dr. Robinson, who makes better fight against the dubious traditions of the monks, than the absurd inventions and shifts of the rationalists, thus gravely notices the notion of Burckhardt:—'The process would be a very simple one, and, doubtless, effectual; and the presence of this shrub around all brackish fountains would cause the remedy to be always at hand. But as the Israelites broke up from Egypt on the morrow of Easter, and reached *Marah* apparently not more than two or three weeks later, the season for these berries would hardly have arrived.'—*Biblical Researches*, vol. i., p. 93.

ness of the narrative, but endeavoring to reduce the apparently supernatural to the level of the natural. This earlier school of rationalism has been utterly destroyed by the later one, of which Strauss may be taken as the type—a school which treats the miracles of the sacred history as so much mythic invention introduced by a subsequent age. This is bringing the controversy within narrower and much more intelligible limits; and we are well content that the claims of revelation should be placed upon this issue.

Most of our readers must have heard of the valley in the district of Sinai, called the "written valley." The extract below contains our latest report concerning it.

"When we got beyond the entrance of the Magárah, our Arabs made to us the welcome announcement, that we had entered the Wádí Mukatteb, or the 'written valley.' We had not far to look for the mysterious inscriptions, which we had so much desired to see. In the first or western division of the valley, however, which, like the second, continues for about an hour and a half, they are not numerous. We dismounted at the broad expansion of the Wádí, which marks its division, and where it strikes to the south; and here we had them in abundance, to the fullest gratification of our curiosity. They are found on both sides of the valley, on the perpendicular and smooth cliffs of the new red or variegated sandstone, the strata of which are of enormous thickness, and on the large masses of this rock which have fallen from above. The surface of these stony tablets seems to have been naturally prepared for the 'graving of an iron pen;' and the words which are written upon them, though not very deeply cut, if we may judge from the small injury which the hand of time has committed upon them, during the many ages they have existed, may probably 'last forever,' in the sense of Job the tried patriarch of Arabia Petrea, who wished such a commemoration of the language of his deepest sorrow. The inscriptions are both literal and hieroglyphical, or I should rather say, pictorial, for they do not seem the symbols of thought conventionally expressed. The letters vary in size, from half an inch to six inches in depth, and they are generally arranged in single lines, as if representing a name and date, and preceded by a distinctive group of letters representing the word **שלם**, or 'peace.' A few of them are in Greek, but most of them are in the ancient Nebathean character. The figures occurring at several places are very rude. They are those of men with shields, and swords and bows and arrows; of camels and horses, both with and without their riders, seated or standing by their sides; of goats and ibexes with large curved horns; of antelopes pursued by greyhounds; of ostriches and geese, and unknown birds indistinctly represented; of lizards, tortoises, and other creeping things; and of diverse quaint fantasies which cannot be characterized. The prefect of the Franciscan missionaries of Egypt, who visited them in 1722, and who was among the first in modern times to give precise information respecting them, says in his account of them, which we had with us on our journey, 'They are cut into the hard marble (sandstone) rock, so high as to be at some places at twelve or fourteen feet distance from the ground; and though we had in our company persons who were acquainted with the Arabic, Greek, Hebrew,

Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, English, Illyrian, German, and Bohemian languages, yet none of them had any knowledge of these characters, which have, nevertheless, been cut into the hard rock with the greatest industry, in a place where there is neither water, nor anything to be gotten to eat. It is probable, therefore, that these unknown characters contain some very secret mysteries, and that they were engraved either by the Chaldeans, or some other persons long before the coming of Christ.' The letters appeared to us to be closely related to the Syriac, Cufic, and Hebrew, and, like those of the Shemitic languages, to read from right to left. The occurrence in connection with them of the cross in various forms, indicates that their origin should be attributed to the early Christian pilgrims who passed through this line of Wádís to Mount Sinai and the other sacred localities of the Peninsula. They are first mentioned by Cosmas Indicopleustes, about the year of Christ 536, who supposes them to have been written by the Israelites on their journey through the wilderness; and they have been noticed by many modern travellers. Specimens are given of them by Mr. Wortley Montagu in the Philosophical Transactions for 1766. Messrs. Coutelle and Rozière, the French engineers, copied seventy-five of them; and Mr. Grey, who visited them in 1820, has published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, a hundred and eighty-seven of them, of which nine are in Greek, and one in Latin. They have exercised the ingenuity of the learned; and Professor Beer of Leipsig has, after much labor, succeeded in deciphering them. They are to be found, not only in Wádí Mukatteb, but in all the principal Wádís of the peninsula on the route to Mount Sinai. Specimens of them were observed by Burckhardt on the heights of Jebel Serbál; and what is most remarkable, we found one or two of them on the rocks at Petra. As some of my readers may not have seen any of them, I insert copies of one or two of them, which we ourselves took, in the second volume of this work, and add the alphabet as made out by Beer, which, I believe, has not hitherto appeared in any English publication. Fac-similes, I think, should be taken of the whole of them, similar to those which we have procured of the inscriptions on the cave temples of India. A couple of gentlemen pitching their tents for a fortnight in the valley, would be able to carry off the whole of them in a correct form."—Vol. i., pp. 184—187.

Our next move with our travellers shall be up the ascent which gave them their first view of Mount Sinai.

"The ascent is rugged and tortuous. Sometimes we had to push our way through among large granite boulders and detached rocks, of an enormous size, threatening to roll upon us, and crush us to annihilation. At other times, we had to creep warily along narrow terraces without any shelving in front, afraid that we might take a leap downwards to the depth of destruction. We did not, however, find the ascent so difficult as some of the descriptions of it which we had read gave us reason to expect. Among the precipitous defiles in the western Gháts of India, we had frequently had greater exertion to make, and caution to observe, both in riding and walking. We noticed the inscriptions in the Wádí Mukatteb and Greek characters observed by Niebuhr, Burckhardt, and others.

They occur at three or four places, and some of them are now well nigh obliterated. We got to the summit in less than two hours, climbing up almost the whole of the way on foot. We had still a narrower defile before us for a quarter of an hour, after we got to the highest point; but it began to expand as we advanced. A few palm trees and green bushes were tokens of the possibility, amidst the awful desolation which the heights on all sides presented to our view. The first snow which I had seen for fifteen years, covered the peaks and filled the crevices of Jebel Salsal-Zeit in our front.

"On a sudden, when we had deflected a little to the left hand, a broad quadrangular plain, but of much greater length than breadth, lay before us. It is bounded at its furthest extremity by a mountain of surpassing height, grandeur, and terror: and this was the very 'mount of God,' where he stood when he descended in fire, and where rested the cloud of his glory, from which he 'spoke all the words of the law.' The plain itself was the Wādī er-Rāhah, the 'Valley of Rest,' where stood the whole congregation of the sons and daughters of Israel, when gathered together before the Lord. As of old, the everlasting mountains, by which it was bounded on every side, were the walls, and the expanse of heaven itself the canopy of this great temple. Entered within its court, so sacred in its associations, we felt for a time the curiosity of the traveller lost in the reverence and awe of the worshipper. Never before, perhaps, were we so strangely affected as in this wondrous locality. Our emotions were then incapable of analysis, as they are now of description. I trust they were more than excited by the contemplation of past realities and enduring solemnities—that they were directed Godward by the great Spirit of truth himself."—Vol. i., pp. 209—211.

One of Dr. Wilson's companions thus describes the summit of Sinai itself:—

"We all, of course, ascended Jebel Músá, or Sinai—to its very summit, which is disfigured by two small chapels, built by, I know not whom, nor have patience to find out. The puny works of man are in miserable, pitiful contrast—especially in such a place—with the sublime works of nature. One of our party was knocked up—he, strange to say, fresh from England—in consequence of the rarefaction of the air. Dr. W. and I stood it well, it being—as far as rarefaction is concerned—nearer our Indian climate. We felt, as we ascended, a delightful exhilaration of spirits. The top was covered in many places with snow, which I had not seen for eleven years, nor Dr. Wilson for fifteen! We had a race up the hill to try who should first reach it—much to the amusement of our English friends—to whom it was by no means such a rarity. Strange that the first snow we should have seen for so long a period should have been on the summit of Sinai! The view from the top—the very *summit* remember—for I think you were under the impression that it was inaccessible—is very grand; on all sides, utter, awful desolation. No one, I think, can doubt that Jebel Músá is the real Sinai—with the Bible in his hands everything appears to correspond, and be consistent in itself. I traversed the whole range, for there are several peaks and ridges of the same kind of rock granite."—Vol. i., p. 228—note.

Dr. Wilson's reflections on the same spot will find their response in the heart of every Christian

placing himself, as he may do by imagination, in the same circumstances.

"When we stood on the pinnacle of Jebel Músá, we all thought that we might be on, or near, the spot where Moses received the tables of the law; and that in the hollow of the shoulder of the mount below us, where stands the chapel of Elijah, or in its neighborhood, Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and the seventy elders may have stood, when, after ascending a portion of the mountain, they saw the personal manifestation of the God of Israel, and worshipped afar off. The belief which we had with its wondrous associations, tended, I trust, to solemnize our minds. On any part of the summits of Sinai, however, we could not, and would not, have divested ourselves of these associations. We sought to yield to their influence. The whole scene before us seemed in itself so terrific and sublime, that it appeared to us as if formed by Omnipotence, and selected by Omniscience for the express purpose of being the platform from which His holy, and righteous, and good law, so immovable in its foundations, exceeding broad in its requisitions, and terrible in its sanctions, could be most advantageously proclaimed to the children of men. 'God,' said Moses to the Israelites, 'is come to prove you, that his *fear* may be before your faces, that ye sin not.' The very locality itself inspires fear. For a considerable time, we gave ourselves, in the view of it, to meditation and prayer, and the perusal of the Divine Word. Some of us read the words of the law in the language in which it was delivered; and never, perhaps, before were we so struck with its reasonableness, authority, comprehensiveness, and holiness, as requiring the recognition, worship, and service of the only God, with the love of the whole heart, and the cultivation of respect, mercy, purity, honesty, truth, and contentment, in all our desires and dealings connected with our fellow-men. Shall I add, that our own consciences *condemned* us, in the view of its requisitions; and that, even while we prayed that they might be engraved on the fleshly tablets of our hearts, we turned our eyes from Sinai to Calvary, that we might have hope? On the sacrificial altar of God alone we could see the law vindicated and magnified, and mercy and grace revealed."—Vol. i., pp. 225—227.

The travel of eleven days brought the author and his party through the Great Desert, by Mount Hor, to Petra, the "city of the Rock." We should have been pleased to have extracted Dr. Wilson's account of the ascent of that memorable eminence, where the venerable Aaron was "gathered to his people;" but we must pass to the valley of Petra and Mount Seir. Of this extraordinary valley many accounts have been recently published. The passage in which Dr. Wilson compares its excavations with similar works in India is instructive.

"Referring in general to the excavations which we have now noticed I may be excused for hinting at a comparison of them with the works of a similar character, which I have frequently visited in the West of India. As efforts of architectural skill, those of Petra undoubtedly excel those of the Hindús, which they also exceed in point of general extent, if we except the wonderful works at Verulá or Ellora. In individual magnitude they far fall short of many of the cave temples, collegiate halls,

and monastic cells of the further east. Their interest, too, is wholly exterior; while that of those of India, with the exception of the great Brahmanical temple of Kailás, and the porticoes of the Buddhist Vihárs of Sashti and Karli, is principally in the multitudinous decorations and fixtures, and the gigantic mythological figures of the interior. The sculptures and excavations of Petra have been principally made by individuals, in their private capacity, for private purposes, and the comparatively limited amount of workmanship about them has permitted this to be the case; while most of those of India, intended for public purposes, and requiring an enormous expenditure of labor and wealth, have mostly been begun and finished by sovereign princes and religious communities. At Petra, we have principally the beauty of art applied often legitimately to subdue the terrors of nature in perhaps the most singular locality on the face of the globe, and the cunning of life stamping its own similitude on the mouth of the grave, to conceal its loathsomeness; but in India we have debasing superstition, enshrining itself in gloom and darkness, and mystery, in order to overawe its votaries, and to secure their reverence and prostration. The moralist, on looking into the empty vaults and tombs of Idumea, and seeing that the very names of 'the kings and counsellors of the earth which constructed these desolate places for themselves' are forgotten, exclaims, in the language which we have already quoted, 'They are destroyed from morning to evening; they perish forever without any regarding it. Doth not their excellency in them go away! they die even without wisdom.' In entering into the dreary and decaying temples and shrines in India, he thinks of that day when 'a man shall cast his idols of silver and his idols of gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats; to go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth.'—Vol. i., pp. 324—326.

Of the exact accordance between the present state of Petra and the surrounding country, and the predictions of the Hebrew prophets concerning them, much has been written. Nor can any ingenuous student of the subject fail to see, that the once strangely improbable things foretold of the land of Edom have, to a large extent, come literally to pass. The crowded place has become a wilderness, and the busy city as a deserted sepulchre. It is with the following song upon his lips that our author emerges from the barrenness and ruin of the desert amidst the verdure and beauty of the south of Judea.

"The thick mists and heavy dews of this morning were decided indications to us that we had escaped from the dreadful drought of the desert, and entered on the fertile elevated plains of the south of Judah. The light soil around us, though presenting nothing like the carpet of emerald green, which we see in more northern climes, was both delightful and refreshing to the eye. The grass, which was shooting out in separate stalks, not unlike rye, though comparatively sparse, was intermingled with wild oats and innumerable beautiful aromatic flowers and shrubs, many of which were in their fullest blow. The wild daisy and tulip, and a species of clover, though not the most striking

in themselves, recalled to our remembrance the pastoral fields, so long removed from our view, but which we had so often trodden in mirthful glee 'when life's bosom was young.' We felt exhilarated to a degree which no one can imagine, who has not been in circumstances similar to our own. The scene to us, after a pilgrimage of forty days in the great and terrible wilderness, the 'shadow of death,' was truly as life from the dead. We felt as if the larks, which were offering their orisons to the God of nature, were sympathizing with our feelings. And then the scriptural associations of this charming locality! Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob—the plain men dwelling in tents, but the great patriarchs of the people wonderful from the beginning—and David, the sweet singer of Israel, passed before us, with their flocks and herds, in all their pastoral simplicity, and with all their benignant piety. Most interesting was it to us to feast our eyes on the very works of God, which, under the guidance of his Spirit, nursed their pure and elevated devotion. That language, which was the fruit of their own inspiration, we found alone adequate to the expression of our praise. Such lyrics as the hundred and fourth psalm were pregnant with new meaning, and had to us a beauty and freshness such as we had never before perceived or enjoyed."—Vol. i., pp. 344, 345.

In a subsequent page, Dr. Wilson gives us some intimation of the feeling with which the recent political changes in Syria are regarded by the Arabs, and by the natives of that country.

"In the neighborhood of these ruins we found many scattered bones, and nearly complete human skeletons, the mortal remains of some of Ibráhím Páshá's troops, which were dreadfully harassed by the Arabs on their retirement from Syria by the route extending from the Ghor, south of the Dead Sea, to Gaza, in the beginning of 1841. It was Ibráhím's boast, that during his government of Syria, for Muhammad 'Ali, he was making progress in the subjection of the sons of the desert. 'I am the only man,' he said to Colonel Rose, the English consul general, 'to manage the Arabs and Bedouins, who never had any master before me. I could and did cut off their heads, which the Turks never will do.' The wild men of the wilderness found their day of vengeance, as they told us, gnashing their teeth at the mention of Ibráhím's name, and pointing with exultation to the fractured skulls on their path, as the proofs of their prowess and successful hate. Wherever we travelled in Syria, we found similar feelings expressed by the Arabs, in reference to their deliverance from the Egyptian government. The reason is obvious. It was gradually bringing them under restraint, to the security and peace of the whole country, though with a harshness and cruelty, perhaps, which we have no occasion to justify. The Christians, on the other hand, without exception, deeply lamented to us the reestablishment of the Turkish government, and declared that they were grossly deceived by the four allied powers which lent their assistance to the Sultán; and who, instead of settling the country as they had professed to do, had given it up as a prey to the destroyer."—Vol. i., pp. 345, 346.

Such is too common history of our most plausible diplomacy—beginning with large promise, but ending without any real effort to bestow substantial

security and improvement. To keep the great powers in wholesome check of each other seems to be the end of this business, with little indication of solicitude as to the improved condition of the people. So the dividers of the spoil are kept within their due limits—the spoliation itself is left to go on as it may. When Englishmen experience the partial or total denial of liberty of worship, and of nearly all other liberty, in foreign countries, as they often do, it is something chafing to the spirit to remember, that all this happens, notwithstanding the unshackled freedom which is ceded to every stranger under heaven the moment he touches the British soil.

Our travellers crossed the Red Sea on the 14th of February—on the 18th of March they made their appearance before the walls of Hebron. But it was about nine o'clock in the evening, says Dr. Wilson—

“When we arrived in Hebron, that ancient city which was ‘built seven years before Zoan in Egypt,’ and which is so hallowed in the history of the great patriarchs. We entered it on foot by a low gate; and groping our way through its dark streets, we went direct to the Jews’ quarter, where our friend Mordecai had for weeks been awaiting our arrival. We knocked at the door, by which is the entrance to this division of the town; and as soon as it was announced that the ‘travellers from Hind’ had arrived, there was a general turn-out of its inmates, to bid us welcome to the place which became the first possession of Abraham in the land of promise. Everything, they told us, was in readiness for our reception, at the house of one of the Rabbis. Before we passed its threshold we were embraced by all its members, of all ages and both sexes; and so many persons offered us their services that we really knew not how to avail ourselves of their kindness. We were conducted to a vaulted room, raised from the general passage, having diwáns in the Turkish style at its extremity, and covered with carpets. We were told that it was the best in the house; and that it was set apart for our use while we might remain in the place. Several lamps with olive oil, the product of the Vale of Mamre, and a fire of charcoal, were immediately kindled. Our luggage, carried from the gates by some of the willing youth who came to our assistance, was quickly at our command. The damsels brought us water for our ablutions, offering, at the same time, to wash our feet, in discharge of the primitive rites of hospitality. We were speedily arrayed in dry clothes; a dainty repast was set before us, and everything which we could desire was at our command. After escaping the exposure and toils of the desert, and the rough travel of the night, we found ourselves, amidst all these comforts, in some measure grateful, I trust, to our Heavenly Father and Guardian, from whose grace they flowed. In our social worship, we returned thanks for all the protection extended to us, during perhaps the most perilous part of our journey, and for the mercy and goodness which He was making to continue with and abound towards us.” —Vol. i., pp. 357, 358.

The town of Hebron is situated in the valley of Machpelah, and no doubt covers the cave in which the remains of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were interred, with their wives, and the bones of Joseph:

though the sepulchres at present shown there are probably in great part, if not altogether, apocryphal. The Jewish families resident in Hebron number less than 300 persons. They are mostly poor. With one or two exceptions, they consider it as “unbecoming the object which they have in view in settling in the country—that of weeping and mourning over its desolations, near the tombs of the patriarchs to whom it was given in everlasting covenant—and unbecoming its intrinsic sacredness, to engage in secular employment, and they are consequently supported almost entirely by foreign contributions, sent to them from foreign countries.” (Vol. i., p. 372.) It is easy to infer from this fact what the condition of these people must be, both in respect to mental cultivation and circumstances. The most available account for us of Hebron and its neighborhood, as given by Dr. Wilson, is contained in the passage following:—

“Our walks to-day extended to the highest hill in the neighborhood of Hebron, which lies to the south-east of the town. We did this in deference to a notice of the view from thence, in the work of Messrs. Bonar and M’Cheyne, which breathes a spirit more congenial with that of the traveller seeking Christian enjoyment in the Holy Land, than any other which has been yet published. The ascent, which leads through several cultivated fields and vineyards, is rather steep, as you pass upwards from terrace to terrace. The barley we found had only lately cut the sod, and the vines, which were mostly lying prone on the ground, were beginning to bud. We passed some patches of olive trees, and on the top of the hill we found a considerable quantity of bushes of the prickly oak. The view of the town below, embosomed in the hills, was very distinct. It is divided into four quarters, the Hárt el-Kadím, or Ancient Quarter, around the cave of Machpelah; the Hárt el-Kazáz, Quarter of the silk merchant, lying below it to the south, inhabited by the Jews; the Hárt esh-Sheikh, or Quarter of the Sheikh, the largest division, which is first entered from Jerusalem; and the Hárt el-Harbah, or Dense Quarter, now of small dimensions, lying contiguous to the last-mentioned, to the north. The houses have a respectable appearance, and in their flat roofs and swelling domes, they present a truly oriental aspect. The view from the east is very extensive, and the hills of Moab, and part of Idumea, sloping down towards the Dead Sea, and the Wádí Arabah, are visible. As suggested by the travellers to whom I have last referred, it is probably that very view which Abraham would have, when he looked toward Sodom on the morning of its awful destruction by the hand of God. The Jews pointed out to us the direction of CARMEL and MACN of Judah; but they have not such distinct views of the geography of these parts as can be got from Robinson and Smith’s map. These observant travellers, from Maín, which lies about seven or eight miles to the S. S. E. of Judah, could enumerate no fewer than nine places in sight, still bearing apparently their ancient names—Maín, the Maon of Nabal; Semua, which I have already noticed as probably corresponding with the ancient ESHEMOH; ‘Attír, with JATTIR; ‘Anáb, with ANAB; Shaweikah, the diminutive form of Shaukah, with the SHOOH of the mountains of Judah; Yattá, with JATTAH; and Karmal, with CARMEL. The

incidental geographical notices of the Bible accord most minutely with the localities of this country. 'From the days of Jerome until the present century, not one of these names, except Carmel, occurs in history, or has been known as still in existence;' yet still they remain with the names which they bore in the days of Joshua. Though this, in the judgment of many, is a plain matter of fact, it is extremely interesting."—Vol. i., pp. 378—380.

We must allow Dr. Wilson to describe his approach to Bethlehem, and the village, and the surrounding country, as seen from the roof the Greek convent found within its walls.

"From el-Burak we hastened to Bethlehem by the upper road, going to the N. E., and not by that which leads along the aqueduct from the upper pools; which we traced, however, for a few minutes. The distance may be about two miles and a half. We were deeply affected and interested, when, after passing over a rough and rugged plot, little corresponding with our western ideas of Bethlehem's plains, we came in sight of the Town of David, and of David's Lord. 'Great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh, seen of angels,' at this very place—was the engrossing theme of our conversation, or rather the overpowering theme of our meditation, as we drew near to the village. It stands upon an eminence, surrounded by small valleys or depressions, devoted to the culture of the olive and vine; and has a massive and imposing appearance at a little distance. When we entered it, we found its principal street filled with a most healthy-looking population of old and young persons, many of whom gave us a cordial welcome as we passed along. The ecclesiastical buildings crown its eastern slopes, a small platform intervening between them and the village. We went to the Franciscan convent, to seek accommodation. The superior of the monks said he was afraid to admit us, as quarantine had been lately reestablished at Jerusalem. 'We have performed quarantine,' we said to him in Latin, 'for we have been exactly forty days in the great wilderness.' He smiled, and opened the low gate, by which we made our entrance. Comfortable apartments were provided for us, and we felt thankful for all the mercies of the day."—Vol. i., pp. 389, 390.

"The Greek convent forms the south-eastern part of the buildings. We much enjoyed the view of the country from its roof, and we spent a considerable time in surveying the interesting panorama. The general character of the district of Bethlehem is well hit off by Quaresmius. 'Regio Bethlehemitica abundat campis, vineis, collibus, vallibus, olivetis, ficibus; vinique praesertim, et frumento stabilita est.' The territories of the tribe of Judah, through most of which we have now past, taking them as a whole, are more fitted for pasture and the culture of the tree, than raising grain; and this is in entire accordance with the delineation of them by the dying Jacob, who, with the eye of a seer, saw Judah binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass' colt unto the choice vine; washing his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes, and with his eyes red with wine, and his teeth white with milk. The village of Bethlehem, as I have already mentioned, stands upon a height, from which there is a pretty steep slope on both the north and southern sides, particularly the former, to two Wádís or gorges which form its boundaries. On the flanks of these Wádís are the principal gar-

dens, vineyards, and plantations of olives and figs. They unite a little to the east of the town, and form what is called the Wádí et-Taámarah, from the village of Beit Taámr in the neighborhood. The village of Bethlehem itself slopes a little to the east. The nearly level plain of no great length, in which the monks say the annunciation of the birth of Christ took place, lies to the east of the town. It is beyond the rocky shelvings on which Bethlehem stands, and when we saw it, it was sown, like several fields in the neighborhood, with barley. A nunnery, said to have been built by St. Paula, formerly stood on it, but it is now destroyed. It was, doubtless, in some field in this neighborhood, that Ruth followed the reapers of her uncle Boaz. The neighboring village of Beit Sáhúr is said to be that in which the shepherds lived. It is now inhabited principally, or solely, by Christians. The view in this direction eastward is very extensive. It comprehends the mountains of Ammon and Moab, beyond the Dead Sea and the Jordan. The monks pointed out to us, as they said, the position of Kerak, or KIR-MOAB, which, they told us, is now, as it has long been, the seat of the see of Petra, lying nearly directly south-east. The ridge east of the Dead Sea appeared to have much the same general altitude, though one or two higher elevations were here and there discernible. Of the deep basin of the Dead Sea we had a good view; and we even thought that we saw the surface of the waters, till, on using our telescope, we found that we had been laboring under an ocular illusion, arising from their exhalations, and the consequent haziness of the atmosphere. The country intervening between Bethlehem and the Dead Sea is nearly entirely desert, and its cretaceous strata and debris had much the appearance of what we had witnessed in the great wilderness. Jebel el-Faraidís, or the Frank Mountain, which we had before noticed on the way from Hebron, lying to the south-east of us, according to the compass, at the distance of an hour and a quarter, was a conspicuous height. It is much in the form of a truncated cone; and rises about three or four hundred feet from its base."—Vol. i., pp. 394, 395.

We shall not detain our readers with any account of the Greek or Latin convents at Bethlehem, nor of the church, or the alleged cave of the nativity. Suffice it to say, that some portions of this church, and of its decorated cave, may be traced as far back as the time of Helena, the mother of Constantine—but that they point to the exact spot of the nativity, no intelligent man supposes. Of course the superstitions connected with this place are abundant. In this respect the Greeks and Latins have here vied with each other in their powers of invention, for under this roof they hold a divided sway, their ministers officiating alternately at the same altars.

The walk from Bethlehem to Jerusalem may be accomplished easily in two hours. Less than half-a-mile distant from the present village is the cistern which bears the name of the "Well of David"—the well intended when David exclaimed, in the hearing of his men of war at Adullam, "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate!" The Philistines were then in possession of Bethlehem, but the loyalty and courage of the followers

of the Hebrew king sufficed to gratify his wishes in that particular. We see no reason to doubt the identity of the modern cistern with the ancient well.

At a short distance from the well of David is the supposed tomb of Rachel. The sacred history says—"They journeyed from Bethel, and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath—and Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." (Gen. xxxv. 16—20.) The "pillar" of Rachel was known in the time of Moses—(Ibid. 20)—and mention is made of it by Jerome, and the Bordeaux Pilgrim, in the fourth century, and by subsequent authorities. Mohammedans and Christians agree in their supposed identification of the spot, nor do we see any reason to question their opinion in the matter. It is a small building, covered by a dome—a mound, in the grave form, within, marks the space where the ashes of Rachel—of "our mother Rachel," as the Jews call her—are supposed to rest. From the tomb of Rachel to the convent of Elias there is a gentle ascent, the summit of which gives the traveller along this road his first view of Jerusalem.

"As we were advancing to its summit, we began to call to remembrance some of the beautiful allusions of Holy Writ to the 'city of the great King,' the type of the spouse of Christ, 'the joy of the whole earth,' and which for many ages was 'full of stirs, a tumultuous city, a joyous city,' and which in its glorious towers and palaces and bulwarks, was unto God himself 'Gilead and the head of Lebanon.' In a moment JERUSALEM was before our view! We stood still in solemn silence, and again went forward, and stood still and gazed. Our feelings were so overpowering, that we could neither understand them nor give them expression. 'I am strangely disappointed,' at last said my companion; 'yet there is something in the scene strangely affecting.' In the language of Scripture—partly applied by accommodation, and partly used, as by the inspired writers, as descriptive of the present desolations of the wondrous city, the only suitable response could be given—'How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become as a widow!' 'From the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed.' 'All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?' 'Many nations shall pass by this city, and they shall say every man to his neighbor, Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this great city? Then they shall answer, Because they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord their God.' 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.' 'Yes,' replied my friend, 'Jerusalem was the most highly favored, and the most guilty; and it is now the most signally punished city on the face of the globe.' Ages have passed away since its glorious temple and palaces, and towers and residences, were overthrown; and it is not now that we have to expect to find in it anything approaching to its former magnificence. The beauty of its

situation is all that we can hope to discern; and that beauty of situation—in the eminence and slopes of the platform on which it stands, and in its natural defences on two of its sides—still remains."—Vol. i., pp. 402, 403.

"As we advanced, our view of Mount Zion greatly improved; and its steep slopes to the south reminded us of its impregnableness in the days of old. A good part of it was literally 'ploughed as a field.' The valley of Hinnom, associated so much with darkness, impurity, and blood, appeared like a deep and yawning gorge, with the facings of its nearly bare rocks on each side much cut and broken. It is now called Wādī Jehennam, or the Valley of Hell. In connection with this name, we thought of the passage of Jeremiah, 'Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter,' though it is not strictly applicable to its present designation. We passed along the western side of this ravine, keeping the great aqueduct from Solomon's pools, the Birket es-Sultān, or the Lower pool of Gihon, to the right, till we crossed the valley opposite the citadel, having the 'Tower of David,' or Hippicus, as one of its most prominent objects. When about to enter the Bāb el-Khalil, or the gate of Hebron, known also by the name of the Yāfā or Joppa Gate, we were taken by the Turkish soldiers on guard to the tents of the officers superintending the quarantine establishment. When we had told them of our long journey through the desert, and when I had presented to them a special letter of introduction which the governor in council of Bombay had kindly given to me instead of a passport, they informed us that the quarantine regulations would to a great extent be dispensed with in our case. We were to be allowed to enter the city, under the care of a guidiāno, who should attend us for a couple of days, and give us at the same time liberty to move about as we pleased, without our touching any of the people in the streets—a condition which, owing to the commencement of the influx of pilgrims, we could not observe, and on which our attendant did not insist.

"We entered the gate, and our feet stood within Jerusalem! Never did we pass through a town with such interest as on this occasion."—Vol. i., pp. 403, 404.

Dr. Wilson's description of the modern city is so mixed up with antiquarian discussion, as not to admit of extract or abridgment; nor can we at present command space in which to give any account of his travels through those "Lands of the Bible" which lie northward of Jerusalem. We should have been glad, also, to have made our readers acquainted with the substance of the matter presented at the close of the second volume, under the head of "General Researches"—relating to the condition of the Christians, Jews, Samaritans, and Mussulmans, over Syria. To this last portion of Dr. Wilson's work, we may find occasion to return, but in the meanwhile, beg to commend his publication to the attention of our readers, as one of great general interest, and as a valuable contribution to the stores of our biblical literature. There is a carelessness, and an occasional faultiness in the style, which we felt disposed at first to notice, but the substantial worth of these volumes has disarmed us of our purpose in that respect.

From Fraser's Magazine.

AUNT LAURA'S ROOM.

A FEW years ago I accepted an invitation to visit a young friend with whom I had become intimate at school, and who lived in a part of the country several hundred miles from where I resided. There was going to be a grand musical festival in the cathedral town near which her family resided, and they were anxious that I should arrive in time to be thoroughly rested before it took place; circumstances, however, prevented my reaching them till the very evening before the commencement of the festival; and though I was greeted with the warmest welcome, yet I was a good deal annoyed to find that my letter had not been received. They had naturally concluded that there was no probability of my making my appearance among them; and from the numerous party assembled, and the whisperings that I perceived going on between my friend Lucy Manners and her mother, I inferred that my accommodation for the night was not likely to be effected without inconvenience. I expressed my regret, but Mrs. Manners assured me that I should have her daughter's room, where I should be very comfortable; and Lucy said she and Anne would have no objection in the world to sleep in Aunt Laura's room.

"But why not put me there?" I inquired, "and leave you in possession of your own room? Is it haunted?" I added, seeing a look that I could not very well interpret, exchanged between them.

"Oh dear, no!" was the reply; "but it is such a very gloomy place, we are not in the habit of putting strangers there."

"If that is all," I said, "I am so tired that it will make very little difference where I am shut up for the night, as I shall soon be in a sound sleep; and I suppose I may have a candle in the morning, if it is too dark to see to dress there without one?"

Lucy volunteered to be my companion during the night, as she said she thought I might feel rather nervous alone; and when the party separated, about an hour after my arrival, we took our course up and down several flights of stairs and through some gloomy passages, till we entered the door of a large apartment, and my first exclamation was, "What a very strange room!"

The floor was covered with black cloth, and the walls were hung with the same material; the window-curtains were of black velvet, and the drapery of the bed was of a similar description; while its canopy was surmounted with bunches of sable plumes, which nodded in the night breeze as we entered, for the window had been left open to make the fire burn up more quickly.

The counterpane was of black velvet, with a broad white border exactly resembling a pall, and the rest of the furniture was of the most sable hue.

"Poor Aunt Laura spent several years in this room," said Lucy; "and if you are not too tired, I will tell you why whilst we are curling our hair."

So after we had seated ourselves by the blazing fire, I began by saying "I should have thought that melancholy-looking gentleman had been the occupant of this room;" and I pointed to a small picture over the fire-place of a very handsome, but extremely wretched-looking, young man, who was leaning his back against a tree and gazing upon a river flowing before him, with what I thought a misanthropical and bitter look.

Lucy said that picture was not placed there in

her aunt's days; and I then asked if her aunt were an old lady when immured here.

"Just three-and-twenty," was the reply, "when she closed that door upon the world forever; and very handsome. Mamma one day met with an engraving, which she said reminded her so much of what Aunt Laura was on the day of mamma's marriage. She showed it to her, and told her so. I dare say you may have seen it; it is called 'the Bridesmaid,' and a lovely thing it is.

"Aunt Laura said that day had been a very wretched one to her. But I must first tell you what an odd will grandpapa made. He was so afraid lest any one should marry his daughters for money, that he left this house and estate to them jointly so long as they were single; but they were to give up all their share of it whenever they married, and were to have no right to any of the property till they became widows, when it was again to be their home if they chose it.

"Now Aunt Laura was to be married a fortnight after mamma, and it was very natural she should be sad at the idea of this place being let to strangers for nobody knew how many years, and that neither she nor her sisters could occupy it again till many sorrowful scenes had been passed through; but she was always very superstitious, and when at school she and a companion had one evening stolen out to have their fortunes told by a gipsy. Her companion's doom was destined to be an early death. She had long forgotten the prediction, but that morning the account of her friend's death had reached her, and she could not banish from her mind the words which the gipsy had addressed to herself, that 'between her being a bridesmaid and a bride the interval would be very short, but between the bride and the widow shorter still.'

"She tried to fancy the spell was broken, by her having officiated once as bridesmaid, when a little girl in India, before the prediction was uttered; but it was of no use, and she became unhappy. She was distressed, too, when she recollected how little she knew of Mr. Ashbourne, whom she should so soon promise to 'love, honor, and obey;' and she felt alarmed lest the cloud she so often saw on his brow should become settled there, and that she might not always be able to make him cheerful as she could at present.

"Neither mamma, nor my other aunts, nor their husbands, particularly liked Mr. Ashbourne, though there was nothing that could positively be said against him; but there was a moodiness and abstraction that never left him, except in Aunt Laura's presence. To others he always appeared as in that picture you were looking at just now.

"The marriage took place, but about a week after Mr. Ashbourne was taken ill at Harrowgate, where they had just arrived; and in less than another week Aunt Laura was a widow, and again the sole inhabitant of this house. Of course, her sisters came to see her, but she did not wish them to remain; and she very soon had this room and dressing-room fitted up as you now see, and never again left them.

"Mamma could not help fearing her mind was affected from her conduct in this respect, as well as from the strange account she gave of Mr. Ashbourne's becoming ill; nor was it for some years that this was explained satisfactorily. She said that, before their marriage, Mr. Ashbourne had told her he thought no man could ever forgive his wife if he found she had any secrets which she did not impart to him; and so fearful was she of incurring

his displeasure, that she had told him a great number of details respecting the family affairs of her brothers-in-law, lest he should think she had wilfully kept him in the dark—so many, indeed, that she often had an uneasy feeling lest some unpleasant consequences should arise from her communicativeness.

"They had arrived in the evening at Harrogate, and were quietly taking tea, and arranging their future tour, when the waiter entered and asked Mr. Ashbourne if his name were Gifford, as a gentleman was inquiring for some one of that name. A negative answer was, of course, given, and the door closed, when Aunt Laura remarked—

"Gifford is very like Clifford."

"Mr. Ashbourne's eyes actually flashed fire as he answered—

"What makes you think of Clifford?"

"Only," she said, "as it once happened to be my name it reminded me of it."

"He rose and walked about the room in violent agitation.

"When was this, Laura?" he said. "Speak!—tell me! No more reserve, if you please, madam!"

"She tried to calm him, saying, that as she was only two years old when her father changed his name to Fitzgerald, it really was a circumstance which rarely crossed her mind.

"But he was not to be pacified. After all the pains he had been at to prevent any disclosures taking place after their marriage, to have the most hateful name in existence represented to him as once borne by her! She became terrified at his increasing violence.

"And your little brother—was he, too, a Clifford?"

"She had to pause, for she said it had never occurred to her to think what his second name was; but it must have been Clifford, for she was only a baby when he died at school in England.

"She described her husband as working himself up to perfect madness, and she was little short of it from grief at having so offended him, and never doubting that she had, indeed, been very wrong in never having told him. Before morning he was in a high fever. Medical assistance was called in, but in vain; it settled on the brain, and a few days terminated his wretched life.

"Aunt Laura never ceased to reproach herself as his murderer, and shut herself up here in hopeless dejection. After she had been in this wretched, voluntary captivity for six years, mamma had to come here, as we lost our dear father; and Aunt Laura gradually became interested in us little things, and her health and spirits improved as she brooded less intently over the melancholy past.

"When I was old enough to learn to write, she took great pains in teaching me, and one day she asked mamma if there were any desk about the house that I could be allowed to use. There was a desk of Mr. Ashbourne's, which mamma thought was Aunt Laura's, and she brought it to her; it proved to be full of writings of one kind or other, and amongst them a manuscript, entitled, 'Sketch of my Miserable Life.'

"It began with describing the indulgence of his mother during his early childhood, his impetuosity of temper, and her encouragement to his acting always from the impulse of the moment, and never suffering him to be thwarted. He entered school a perfect tyrant; the timid feared him, and the des-

perate spirits rallied round him as a leader in everything daring and forbidden.

"He was about thirteen when the event occurred which gave a color to the whole of his future life.

"A river skirted one side of a large field, where they were often allowed to play; they were prohibited on any account whatever to bathe, except when a teacher was with them. And one winter's afternoon, when the boys were left to themselves, a timid little fellow, who had just come to school, was heard to say, that he wondered any one should think of forbidding it, as he should suppose no boy durst venture in for fear of getting out of his depth.

"This was enough for Ashbourne. *Fear*, he declared, was a word unknown at Harford School; go into the water the little fellow should, therefore he might as well do it with a good grace.

"In vain the child protested his utter inability to swim, his dread of the cold, for he was still shivering from the change which he had recently experienced to our climate from a hot one. All took Ashbourne's part against the stranger; they led him to an overhanging bank, told him he might have ten minutes to deliberate whether he would do it like a man or a criminal. His tears and entreaties but steeled their hearts the more against the cowardly spirit he evinced. Meanwhile the elder boys, all eager to show their bravery, were contending who should give the push, which they foresaw would be necessary to make him leave the bank.

"They drew lots to decide this point, it fell upon Ashbourne; the ten minutes expired; there was a plunge and a stifled shriek! The boys crowded to the bank, but nothing was to be seen.

"Ashbourne now first experienced the reality of such a thing as fear: he plunged into the water, but in vain; an hour passed, and still no trace of their little companion; in a few minutes they would be summoned to return to the house, and how were they to account for his absence?

"They joined hands and took a solemn oath never to betray Ashbourne, but to say they last saw Clifford (for you must already have guessed their unhappy victim to have been my little uncle) on the bank, whence he had either fallen or thrown himself into the water.

"Ashbourne then again plunged into the water; the alarm was given, and every assistance procured as soon as possible. Ashbourne's exertions were prodigious; and after the search was abandoned he received from his master and teachers the most distinguished eulogiums upon his noble conduct, in risking his own life for that of a fellow-creature almost a stranger to him, while pity for the sufferer seemed almost lost in the censures heaped upon him for his stupidity, carelessness, or disobedience, for they were at a loss to which to attribute his going into the water.

"Most of the neighboring gentry invited Ashbourne to their houses, and loaded him with every expression of esteem, and many of them with more substantial gifts; and his evident reluctance to speak of the occurrence was attributed to an amiable modesty, which shrinks from hearing its own praises.

"An account of his heroism was also sent to grandpapa, with the tidings of the very wilful way by which his son met with his death; for, of course, to the world, it was necessary to make it appear that the boys were so well watched that no accident could happen to them except by their own choice.

"Grandpapa sent him a valuable ring as a token of gratitude, which, with other trinkets, was in the desk.

"Years, that seemed as if made of leaden moments, said the manuscript, had dragged themselves at last to a close, yet on looking back it seemed as if it were but the hour before that the trembling child had said—"You will be afraid to think of this on your deathbed!"

"Life had had for him not one moment of enjoyment; the voice of conscience had never been for a moment hushed—sleeping or waking he saw the image of his drowned school-fellow; and by every stranger he met he expected to hear his guilt proclaimed.

"No one, so far as it can be ascertained, ever broke his oath, and whether any of them have been haunted by the same terrors, as feeling that they were partakers in the crime, we, perhaps, shall never know in this world."

"And your aunt," I inquired; "what effect had this disclosure upon her?"

"Oh, to her it was a most dreadful discovery,"

said Lucy, "to find she had actually been the wife of her brother's murderer! She lingered but a very short time; and my last recollection of her is the look of intense agony with which she was reading the shocking account. She was never well enough afterwards to allow any of us to be in the room with her; and mamma never likes to speak of her last days."

Lucy and I sat up very late talking over the melancholy events connected with "Aunt Laura's Room." Nor did we say "Good night" until we had come to the decision that, although Mr. Ashbourne had certainly very sufficient reasons for wishing to know every particular of family history with which his wife could be connected, yet that we wondered she had not benefitted by his example, and inquired whether there were any reasons on his part, which, if disclosed at a subsequent period, might forever destroy that happiness to which she so confidently looked forward.

We resolved, however, that the warning should not be lost on ourselves.

From Chambers' Journal.

NEW FACTS IN ASTRONOMY.

A work has just been published which reminds one of some of the achievements of the early ages of literature, when an enthusiastic and patient philosopher found a patron equally zealous, and devoted many years of his life to the accomplishment of a single object. We refer to Sir John Herschel's work*—the title of which is given below—and to the manner of its publication. To quote the author's words:—"To the munificent destination of his grace the late Duke of Northumberland of a large sum in aid of its publication, it owes its appearance as a single and separate work, instead of a series of unconnected memoirs, scattered over the volumes of academical bodies." Greatly to his honor, the present duke has completely carried out the intentions of his predecessor, who died before the volume was finished.

A simple enumeration of the contents of the book—a large quarto—will serve to convey some slight idea of its great scientific value. The observations comprise those of the southern nebulae, double stars of the southern hemisphere; astrometry, apparent magnitudes of stars; constitution of the galaxy in the southern hemisphere; Halley's comet, with remarks on its physical condition; satellites of Saturn; and lastly, observations of the solar spots. To all this labor, and to the bringing out of the work, a period of twelve years has been devoted. The results are described in language as philosophical as it is eloquent: many passages among the scientific details of the catalogues produce an impression on the reader equal to that caused by a sublime strain of poetry. We propose to lay before our readers such portions of the work as may appear most popularly interesting.

The late Sir William Herschel made, during his life, what he called "sweeps of the heavens," in which, as is well known, he discovered and investigated, amongst other celestial phenomena, those

presented by nebulae. The results of these researches were published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society;" but about the year 1825, Sir John Herschel proposed to reexamine the whole of his father's work, and spent eight years in the survey, which extended over 2306 nebulae and clusters of stars, 525 of which were described for the first time; and in addition, the places of 3000 or 4000 double stars determined. In this reexamination Sir J. Herschel made use of his father's twenty-foot reflector, over the manipulation of which, and the process of polishing the mirrors, he obtained a complete mastery. Afterwards, in obedience to an impulse arising out of the absorbing nature of the pursuit, he resolved on making a survey of the southern hemisphere, for the purpose of instituting comparisons with the northern. In pursuance of this object, as many readers are aware, he embarked with his apparatus for the Cape of Good Hope, where he arrived in January, 1834. Having found a suitable residence, bearing the name of Feldhuyzen or Feldhausen, about six miles from Cape Town, in the direction of Wynberg, the instruments were fixed early in March, and ready "to commence a regular course of sweeping."

The hot season at the cape—October to March—is said to afford many superb nights for observation, interrupted occasionally, however, by a wind called the "black south-easter," which attaches a black belt of clouds to the mountain, and stretches it over a large surface of the sky. At other times the air is so disturbed by the intense heat of the arid sandy plains, that distinct vision is impossible. "Even in the hottest season, however, nights of admirable definition occur, especially looking southwards. But what is not a little remarkable, in the very hottest days looking northwards over the burning tract intervening between Feldhausen and Table or Saldanha Bay, the most admirable and tranquil definition of the solar spots, and other phenomena of the sun's disk, is by no means unfrequent. In such cases, I presume the strongly-heated stratum of air incumbent on the surface of the soil, is swept off by the south-east wind blowing from False to Table Bay, before it ascends high enough to interfere with the visual ray." "It is, however," we read, "in the cooler months, from May to October inclusive, and more especially in June and July,

* Results of Astronomical Observations made during the years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Cape of Good Hope; being the Completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825. By Sir J. F. W. Herschel, Bart. London: Smith and Elder. 1847.

that the finest opportunities occur for observation. The state of the air in these months, as regards definition, is habitually good, and imperfect vision is rather the exception than the rule. The best nights occur after the heavy rains, which fall at this season, have ceased for a day or two: and on these occasions the tranquillity of the images and sharpness of vision is such, that hardly any limit is set to magnifying power, but what the aberrations of the specula necessitate."

A singular phenomenon was frequently observed, "a nebulous haze," which came on suddenly, and disappeared as rapidly; making the stars appear, while it lasted, as though surrounded by a "nebulous photosphere of greater or less extent," while to the naked eye the sky was perfectly clear. Similar phenomena occur in the atmosphere of England, but not with the frequency or suddenness of those at the cape. The clouds, too, as seen from the southern extremity of Africa, are more opaque than in our latitudes: in England, astronomers not unfrequently observe the stars while veiled by a thin stratum of cloud; but at the cape, the clouds are too opaque for the rays of light to pass through them.

Of the star marked α , in the constellation Argus, and the great nebula surrounding it, we are informed that "there is perhaps no other sidereal object which unites more points of interest than this. Its situation is very remarkable, being in the midst of one of those rich and brilliant masses—a succession of which, curiously contrasted with dark adjacent spaces, (called by the old navigators 'coal-sacks,') constitute the *milky way* in that portion of its course which lies between the Centaur and the main body of Argus." The number of stars in this region is immense, as many as 250 being in the field of the telescope at one time. But the great point of interest is the star α , which, in Halley's catalogue, 1677, is marked as of the fourth magnitude, and in later catalogues as of the second magnitude. "It was on the 16th December, 1837," writes Sir John Herschel, "that resuming the photometrical comparisons, in which, according to regular practice, the brightest stars in sight, in whatever part of the heavens, were first noticed, and arranged on a list, my astonishment was excited by the appearance of a new candidate for distinction among the very brightest stars of the first magnitude, in a part of the heavens with which, being perfectly familiar, I was certain that no such brilliant object had before been seen. After a momentary hesitation, the natural consequence of a phenomenon so utterly unexpected, and referring to a map for its configurations with the other conspicuous stars in the neighborhood, I became satisfied of its identity with my old acquaintance α Argus. Its light was, however, nearly tripled." The star attained its maximum of brightness, when it was nearly equal to α of the Centaur, on the 2d of January, 1838, after which it faded into its former appearance. But since that period, it has again brightened so as "to have surpassed Canopus, and even to have approached Sirius in lustre." This was in 1843, and was noticed by observers in different parts of the world; and again, in 1845, the star passed through a similar state of fluctuating brilliance. As Sir John Herschel observes—"A strange field of speculation is opened by this phenomenon. The temporary stars heretofore recorded have all become totally extinct. Variable stars, so far as they have been carefully attended to, have exhibited periodical alterations, in some degree at least regular, of splendor and com-

parative obscurity. But here we have a star fitfully variable to an astonishing extent, and whose fluctuations are spread over centuries, apparently in no settled period, and with no regularity of progression. What origin can we ascribe to these sudden flashes and relapses? What conclusions are we to draw as to the comfort or habitability of a system depending for its supply of light and heat on so uncertain a source?"

Of the nebula in connection with Argus, we read that, "It would manifestly be impossible, by verbal description, to give any just idea of the capricious forms and irregular gradations of light affected by the different branches and appendages of this nebula. Nor is it easy for language to convey a full impression of the beauty and sublimity of the spectacle it offers when viewed in a sweep, ushered in as it is by so glorious and innumerable a procession of stars, to which it forms a sort of climax, justifying expressions which, though I find them written in my journal in the excitement of the moment, would be thought extravagant if transferred to these pages. In fact, it is impossible for any one with the least spark of astronomical enthusiasm about him to pass soberly in review, with a powerful telescope, and in a fine night, that portion of the southern sky which is comprised between the sixth and thirteenth hours of right ascension, and from 146 to 149 degrees of north polar distance; such are the variety and interest of the objects he will encounter, and such the dazzling richness of the starry ground on which they are represented to his gaze."

Instances of variability in some of the stars of the Little Bear have been detected of late years, on which Sir John Herschel writes, in a profound and suggestive strain of reasoning, "Future observation will decide whether the change which is thus proved to have taken place be of periodical recurrence. * * Ignorant as we are, however, both of the cause of solar and stellar light, and of the conditions which may influence its amount at different times, the law of regular periodicity is one which ought not to be too hastily generalized; and, at all events, there is evidence enough of slow and gradual change of lustre in many stars, since the earlier ages of astronomy, to refute all *a priori* assumption as to the possible length of the cycle of variation of any particular star. The subject is one of the utmost physical interest. The grand phenomena of geology afford, as it appears to me, the highest presumptive evidence of changes in the *general* climate of our globe. I cannot otherwise understand alternations of heat and cold, so extensive, as at one epoch to have clothed high northern latitudes with a more than tropical luxuriance of vegetation; at another, to have buried vast tracts of middle Europe, now enjoying a genial climate, and smiling with fertility, under a glacier crust of enormous thickness. Such changes seem to point to some cause more powerful than the mere local distribution of land and water (according to Mr. Lyell's views) can be well supposed to have been. In the slow secular variations of our supply of light and heat from the sun, which, in the immensity of time past, may have gone to any extent, and succeeded each other in any order, without violating the analogy of sidereal phenomena which we know to have taken place, we have a cause, not indeed established as a fact, but readily admissible as something beyond a bare possibility, fully adequate to the utmost requirements of geology. A change of half a magnitude in the lustre of the sun, regarded as a fixed star, spread over successive geological epochs—now

progressive, now receding, now stationary, according to the evidence of warmer or colder *general* temperature which geological research has disclosed, or may hereafter reveal—is what no astronomer would now hesitate to admit as in itself a perfectly reasonable and not improbable supposition. Such a supposition has assuredly far less of extravagance about it than the idea that the sun, by its own proper motion, may, in indefinite ages past, have traversed regions so crowded with stars, as to affect the climate of our planet by the influence of their radiation. Nor can it be objected that the character of a *vera causa* is wanting in such a hypothesis. Of the exciting cause of the radiant emanations from the sun and stars, we know nothing. It may consist, for aught we can tell, in vast currents of electricity traversing space, (according to cosmical laws,) and which, meeting in the higher regions of their atmospheres with matter properly attenuated, and otherwise disposed to electric phosphorescence, may render such matter radiant, after the manner of our own aurora borealis, under the influence of terrestrial electric streams. Or it may result from actual combustion going on in the higher regions of their atmospheres, the elements of which, so united, may be in a constant course of separation and restoration to their active state of mutual combustibility, by vital processes of extreme activity going on at their habitable surfaces, analogous to that by which vegetation on our earth separates carbonic acid (a product of combustion) into its elements, and so restores their combustibility. With specific hypothesis as to the cause of solar and sidereal light and heat, we have, however, no concern. It suffices that they must have a cause, and that this cause, inscrutable as it may be, does in several cases, and therefore may in one more, determine the production of phenomena of the kind in question."

Turning to that portion of the volume in which the observations of the solar spots are contained, we read that, during a part of 1836-7, a more than usual accumulation and disturbance took place in the spots on the surface of the great luminary. One of the spots, on measurement, was found to occupy a space "of nearly five square minutes. Now, a minute in linear dimension on the sun being 27,500 miles, and a square minute 756,000,000, we have here an area of 3,780,000,000 square miles included in one vast region of disturbance, and this requires to be increased for the effect of foreshortening. The black centre of the spot of May 25 would have allowed the globe of the earth to drop through it, leaving a thousand miles clear of contact on all sides of that tremendous gulf." From January to March of 1837, numerous spots of most complex structure and character were formed in copious succession. During April and May the spots were fewer in number, and assumed generally a rounded appearance; in June and July they again increased; while we read that "in August and October, so far as observed, the sun seemed to have passed into a quiescent state, the spots being few, small, and irregularly disposed."

Sir John Herschel insists strongly upon a continuous and systematic observation of the solar spots, as the only means by which to explain the phenomena they present. "We are naturally led to inquire for an efficient cause—for a *vis matrix*—to

give rise to such enormous dynamical phenomena, for such they undoubtedly are. The efficient cause of fluctuations in our atmosphere, in terrestrial meteorology, is apparent enough; namely, external agency—the heating power of the sun. Without this, all would be tranquil enough; but in the solar meteorology we have no such extraneous source of alternate elevations and depressions of temperature, altering the specific gravity, and disturbing the equilibrium, of its atmospheric strata. The cause of such movements as we observe, and upon so immense a scale, must therefore reside within the sun itself; and it is there we must seek it." Sir John proceeds to show that the rotation of the sun upon its own axis may be the chief cause, by producing currents of air in opposite directions, similar to our trade-winds, and with a density at the equator different from that at the poles. "The spots, in this view of the subject," he then pursues, "would come to be assimilated to those regions on the earth's surface in which, for the moment, hurricanes and tornadoes prevail. The upper strata being temporarily carried downwards, displacing, by its impetus, the two strata of luminous matter beneath, (which may be conceived as forming a habitually tranquil limit between the opposite, upper, and under currents,) the upper of course to a greater extent than the lower; and thus wholly or partially denuding the opaque surface of the sun below. Such processes cannot be unaccompanied with vorticeous motions, which, left to themselves, die away by degrees, and dissipate; with this peculiarity, that their lower portions come to rest more speedily than their upper, by reason of the greater resistance below, as well as the remoteness from the point of action, which lies in a higher region, so that their centre (as seen in our water-spouts, which are nothing but small tornadoes) appears to retreat upwards. Now, this agrees perfectly with what is observed during the obliteration of the solar spots, which appear as if filled in by the collapse of their sides, the penumbra closing in upon the spot, and disappearing after it. * * * The spots are black; the penumbra a nearly uniform half-shadow, with, however, here and there undefinable definite spaces of a second depth of shade. There is no gradual melting of the one shade into the other—spot into penumbra, penumbra into full light. The idea conveyed is more that of the successive withdrawal of veils, the partial removal of definite films, than the melting away of a mist, or the mutual dilution of gaseous media. Films of immiscible liquids having a certain cohesion, floating on a dark or transparent ocean, and liable to temporary removal by winds, would rather seem suggested by the general tenor of the appearances, though they are far from being wholly explicable by this conception, at least if any considerable degree of transparency be allowed to the luminous matter."

The sagacity of these views is only equalled by the earnest philosophical spirit in which they are written. Such works as that just passed in review become landmarks for science, by which present and future discoverers may direct their steps. We feel much pleasure in making it known to a large circle of readers, who otherwise would never hear of its publication.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THOMAS MACAULAY—BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

To attempt a new appraisal of the intellectual character of Thomas Macaulay, we are impelled by various motives. Our former notice of him* was short, hurried and imperfect. Since it was written, too, we have had an opportunity of seeing and hearing the man, which, as often happens in such cases, has given a more distinct and tangible shape to our views, as well as considerably modified them. Above all, the public attention has of late, owing to circumstances, been so strongly turned upon him, that we are tolerably sure of carrying it along with us in our present discussion.

The two most popular of British authors are, at present, Charles Dickens and Thomas Macaulay. The supremacy of the former is verily one of the signs of the times. He has no massive or profound intellect—no lore superior to a school-boy's—no vast or creative imagination—little philosophical insight, little power of serious writing, and little sympathy with either the subtler and profounder parts of man, or with the grander features of nature; (witness his description of Niagara—he would have painted the next pump better!) And yet, through his simplicity and sincerity, his boundless *bon hommie*, his fantastic humor, his sympathy with every-day life, and his absolute and unique dominion over every region of the odd, he has obtained a popularity which Shakspeare nor hardly Scott in their lifetime enjoyed. He is ruling over us like a fairy king, or Prince Prettyman—strong men as well as weak yielding to the glamour of his tiny rod. Louis the 14th walked so erect, and was so perfect in the management of his person, that people mistook his very size, and it was not discovered till after his death, that he was a little and not a large man. So many of the admirers of Dickens have been so dazzled by the elegance of his proportions, the fairy beauty of his features, the minute grace of his motions, and the small sweet smile which plays about his mouth, that they have imagined him to be a Scott, or even a Shakspeare. To do him justice, he himself has never fallen into such an egregious mistake. He has seldom, if ever, sought to alter, by one octave, the note nature gave him, and which is not that of an eagle nor of a nightingale, nor of a lark, but of a happy, homely gleesome "Cricket on the Hearth." Small almost as his own Tiny Tim, dressed in as dandified a style as his own Lord Frederick Verisoff, he is as full of the milk of human kindness as his own Brother Cheeryble; and we cannot but love the man who has first loved all human beings, who can own Newman Noggs as a brother, and can find something to respect in a Bob Sawyers, and something to pity in a Ralph Nickleby. Never was a monarch of popular literature less envied or more loved; and while rather wondering at the length of his reign over such a capricious

domain as that of letters, and while fearlessly expressing our doubts as to his greatness or permanent dominion, we own that his sway has been that of gentleness—of a good, wide-minded, and kindly man; and take this opportunity of wishing long life and prosperity to "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

In a different region, and on a higher and haughtier seat, is Thomas Macaulay exalted. In general literature, as Dickens in fiction, is he held to be *facile princeps*. He is, besides, esteemed a rhetorician of a high class—a statesman of no ordinary calibre—a lyrical poet of much mark and likelihood—a scholar ripe and good—and, mounted on this high pedestal, he "has purposed in his heart to take another step," and to snatch from the hand of the Historic Muse one of her richest laurels. To one so gifted in the prodigality of Heaven, can we approach in any other attitude but that of prostration? or dare we hope for sympathy, while we proceed to make him the subject of free and fearless criticism?

Before proceeding to consider his separate claims upon public admiration, we will sum up, in a few sentences, our impressions of his general character. He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He is a rhetorician without being an orator. He is endowed with great powers of perception and acquisition, but with no power of origination. He has deep sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. He is strong and broad, but not subtle or profound. He is not more destitute of original genius than he is of high principle and purpose. He has all common faculties developed in a large measure, and cultivated to an intense degree. What he wants is the gift that cannot be given—the power that cannot be counterfeited—the wind that bloweth where it listeth—the vision, the joy, and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddleth—the "light which never was on sea or shore—the consecration and the poet's dream."

To such gifts, indeed, he does not pretend, and never has pretended. To roll the raptures of poetry, without emulating its *speciosa miracula*—to write worthily of heroes, without aspiring to the heroic—to write history without enacting it—to furnish to the utmost degree his own mind, without leading the minds of others one point further than to the admiration of himself and of his idols, seems, after all, to have been the main object of his ambition, and has already been nearly satisfied. He has played the finite game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius. His goal has been the top of the mountain, and not the blue profound beyond; and on the point he has sought he may speedily be seen, relieved against the heights which he cannot reach—a marble fixture, exalted and motionless. Talent stretching itself out to attain the attitudes and exaltation of genius is a pitiable and painful position, but it is not that of Macaulay. With piercing sagacity he has, from the first, discerned his proper intellectual powers, and sought, with his whole heart, and soul, and

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With a rare combination of the arts of age and the fire of youth, the sagacity of the worldling and the enthusiasm of the scholar, he has sought self-development as his principal, if not only end.

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He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his intellectual god. It is (contrary to a common opinion) not genius that Thomas Carlyle worships. The word genius he seldom uses, in writing or in conversation, except in derision. We can conceive a savage cachinnation at the question, if he thought Cromwell or Danton a great genius. It is energy in a certain state of powerful precipitation that he so much admires. With genius, as existing almost undiluted in the person of such men as Keats, he cannot away. It seems to him only a long swoon or St. Vitus' dance. It is otherwise with Macaulay. If we trace him throughout all his writings, we will find him watching for genius with as much care and fondness as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each musty page and worm-eaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. His sympathies are as wide as they are seen. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming dreams with Bunyan in Elstowe—whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with De Stael and Byron, or driven from men as on a new Nebuchadnezzar whirlwind, in the person of poor wandering Shelly—whether in Coleridge,

or in Voltaire shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death—whether singing in Milton's verse, or glittering upon Cromwell's sword—is the only magnet which can draw forth all the riches of his mind, and the presence of inspiration alone makes him inspired.

But this sympathy with genius does not amount to genius itself; it is too catholic and too prostrate. The man of the highest order of genius, after the enthusiasm of youth is spent, is rarely its worshipper, even as it exists in himself. He worships rather the object which genius contemplates, and the ideal at which it aims. He is rapt up to a higher region, and hears a mightier voice. Listening to the melodies of nature, to the march of the eternal hours, to the severe music of continuous thought, to the rush of his own advancing soul, he cannot so complacently bend an ear to the minstrelsies, however sweet, of men, however gifted. He passes, like the true painter, from the admiration of copies, which he may admire to error and extravagance, to that great original which, without blame, excites an infinite and endless devotion. He becomes a personification of art, standing on tip-toe in contemplation of mightier nature, and drawing from her features with trembling pencil and a joyful awe. Macaulay has not this direct and personal communication with the truth and the glory of things. He sees the universe not in its own rich and divine radiance, but in the reflected light which poets have shed upon it. There are in his writings no oracular deliverances, no pregnant hints, no bits of intense meaning—broken, but broken off from some supernatural circle of thought—no momentary splendors, like flashes of midnight lightning, revealing how much—no thoughts beckoning us away with silent finger, like ghosts, into dim and viewless regions—and he never even nears that divine darkness which ever edges the widest and loftiest excursions of imagination and of reason. His style and manner may be compared to crystal, but not to the "terrible crystal" of the prophets and apostles of literature. There is the sea of glass, but it is not mingled with fire, or at least the fire has not been heated seven times, nor has it descended from the seventh heaven.

Consequently, he has no power of origination. We despise the charge of plagiarism, in its low and base sense, which has sometimes been advanced against him. He never commits conscious theft, though sometimes he gives all a father's welcome to thoughts to which he has not a father's claim. But the rose which he appropriates is seldom more than worthy of the breast which it is to adorn; thus, in borrowing from Hall the antithesis applied by the one to the men of the French revolution, and by the other to the restored Royalists in the time of Charles the Second, "dwarfish virtues and gigantic crimes," he has taken what he might have lent, and, in its application, has changed it from a party calumny into a striking truth. The men of the revolution were not men of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices; both were

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With a rare combination of the arts of age and the fire of youth, the sagacity of the worldling and the enthusiasm of the scholar, he has sought self-development as his principal, if not only end.

He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He possesses all those ornaments, accomplishments, and even natural endowments, which the great man requires for the full emphasis and effect of his power, (and which the *greatest* alone can entirely dispense with;) but the power does not fill, possess, and shake the drapery. The lamps are lit in gorgeous effulgence; the shrine is modestly, yet magnificently, adorned; there is everything to tempt a god to descend; but the god descends not—or if he does, it is only Maia's son, the eloquent, and not Jupiter, the thunderer. The distinction between the merely gifted and the great is, we think, this—the gifted adore greatness and the great; the great worship the infinite, the eternal, and the god-like. The gifted gaze at the moon like reflections of the Divine—the great, with open face, look at its naked sun, and each look is the principle and prophecy of an action.

He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his intellectual god. It is (contrary to a common opinion) not genius that Thomas Carlyle worships. The word genius he seldom uses, in writing or in conversation, except in derision. We can conceive a savage cachinnation at the question, if he thought Cromwell or Danton a great genius. It is energy in a certain state of powerful precipitation that he so much admires. With genius, as existing almost undiluted in the person of such men as Keats, he cannot away. It seems to him only a long swoon or St. Vitus' dance. It is otherwise with Macaulay. If we trace him throughout all his writings, we will find him watching for genius with as much care and fondness as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each musty page and worm-eaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. His sympathies are as wide as they are seen. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming dreams with Bunyan in Elstowe—whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with De Stael and Byron, or driven from men as on a new Nebuchadnezzar whirlwind, in the person of poor wandering Shelly—whether in Coleridge,

or in Voltaire shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death—whether singing in Milton's verse, or glittering upon Cromwell's sword—is the only magnet which can draw forth all the riches of his mind, and the presence of inspiration alone makes him inspired.

But this sympathy with genius does not amount to genius itself; it is too catholic and too prostrate. The man of the highest order of genius, after the enthusiasm of youth is spent, is rarely its worshipper, even as it exists in himself. He worships rather the object which genius contemplates, and the ideal at which it aims. He is rapt up to a higher region, and hears a mightier voice. Listening to the melodies of nature, to the march of the eternal hours, to the severe music of continuous thought, to the rush of his own advancing soul, he cannot so complacently bend an ear to the minstrelsies, however sweet, of men, however gifted. He passes, like the true painter, from the admiration of copies, which he may admire to error and extravagance, to that great original which, without blame, excites an infinite and endless devotion. He becomes a personification of art, standing on tip-toe in contemplation of mightier nature, and drawing from her features with trembling pencil and a joyful awe. Macaulay has not this direct and personal communication with the truth and the glory of things. He sees the universe not in its own rich and divine radiance, but in the reflected light which poets have shed upon it. There are in his writings no oracular deliverances, no pregnant hints, no bits of intense meaning—broken, but broken off from some supernatural circle of thought—no momentary splendors, like flashes of midnight lightning, revealing how much—no thoughts beckoning us away with silent finger, like ghosts, into dim and viewless regions—and he never even nears that divine darkness which ever edges the widest and loftiest excursions of imagination and of reason. His style and manner may be compared to crystal, but not to the "terrible crystal" of the prophets and apostles of literature. There is the sea of glass, but it is not mingled with fire, or at least the fire has not been heated seven times, nor has it descended from the seventh heaven.

Consequently, he has no power of origination. We despise the charge of plagiarism, in its low and base sense, which has sometimes been advanced against him. He never commits conscious theft, though sometimes he gives all a father's welcome to thoughts to which he has not a father's claim. But the rose which he appropriates is seldom more than worthy of the breast which it is to adorn; thus, in borrowing from Hall the antithesis applied by the one to the men of the French revolution, and by the other to the restored Royalists in the time of Charles the Second, "dwarfish virtues and gigantic crimes," he has taken what he might have lent, and, in its application, has changed it from a party calumny into a striking truth. The men of the revolution were not men of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices; both were

"With soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty giver;"

stupendous when either were possessed; it was otherwise with the minions of Charles. When our hero lights his torch, it is not at the chariot of the sun; he ascends seldom higher than Hazlitt or Hall—Coleridge, Schiller, and Goethe are untouched. But without rearguing the question of originality, that quality is manifestly not his. It were as true that he originated Milton, Dryden, Bacon, or Byron, as that he originated the views which his articles develop of their lives or genius. A search after originality is never successful. Novelty is even shyer than truth, for if you search after the true, you will often, if not always, find the new; but if you search after the new, you will, in all probability, find neither the new nor the true. In seeking for paradoxes, Macaulay sometimes stumbles on, but more frequently stumbles over, truth. His essays are masterly treatises, written learnedly, carefully conned, and pronounced in a tone of perfect assurance; the Pythian pantings, the abrupt and stammering utterances of the seer, are wanting.

In connection with this defect, we find in him little metaphysical gift or tendency. There is no "speculation in his eye." If the mysterious regions of thought, which are at present attracting so many thinkers, have ever possessed any charm for him, that charm has long since passed away. If the "weight, the burden, and the mystery, of all this unintelligible world," have ever pressed him to anguish, that anguish seems now forgotten as a nightmare of his youth. The serpents which strangle other Laocoons, or else keep them battling all their life before high heaven, have long ago left, if indeed they had ever approached, him. His joys and sorrows, sympathies and inquiries, are entirely of the "earth, earthy," though it is an earth beautified by the smile of genius, and by the midnight sun of the past. It may appear presumptuous to criticize his creed, where not an article has been by himself indicated, except perhaps the poetical first principle that "beauty is truth and truth beauty;" but we see about him neither the firm grasp of one who holds a dogmatic certainty, nor the vast and vacant stretch of one who has failed after much effort to find the object, and who says, "I clasp—what is it that I clasp!" Toward the silent and twilight lands of thought, where reside, half in glimmer and half in gloom, the dread questions of the origin of evil, the destiny of man, our relation to the lower animals, and to the spirit world, he never seems to have been powerfully or for any length of time impelled. We might ask with much more propriety at him the question which a reviewer asked at Carlyle, "Can you tell us, quite in confidence, your private opinion as to the place where wicked people go?" And, besides, what think you of God? or of that most profound and awful Mystery of Godliness? Have you ever thought deeply on such subjects at all? Or if so, why does the language of a cold conventionalism, or of an unmeaning fervor, distinguish all your allusions to them? It was not, indeed, your business to write on such

themes, but it requires no more a wizard to determine from your writings whether you have adequately *thought* on them, than to tell from a man's eye whether he is or is not looking at the sun.

We charge Macaulay, as well as Dickens, with a systematic shrinking from meeting in a manful style those dread topics and relations at which we have hinted, and this, whether it springs, as Humboldt says in his own case, from a want of subjective understanding, or whether it springs from a regard for, or fear of, popular opinion, or whether it springs from moral indifference, argues, on the first supposition, a deep mental deficiency—on the second, a cowardice unworthy of their position—or on the third, a state of spirit which the age, in its professed teachers, will not much longer endure. An earnest period, bent on basing its future progress upon fixed principles, fairly and irrevocably set down, to solve the problem of its happiness and destiny, will not long refrain from bestowing the name of brilliant trifler on the man, however gifted and favored, who so slenderly sympathizes with it, in this high, though late and difficult calling.

It follows almost as a necessity from these remarks, that Macaulay exhibits no high purpose. Seldom so much energy and eloquence have been more entirely divorced from a great uniting and consecrating object; and in his forthcoming history we fear that this deficiency will be glaringly manifest. History, without the presence of high purpose, is but a series of dissolving views—as brilliant it may be, but as disconnected, and not so impressive. It is this, on the contrary, that gives so profound an interest to the writings of Arnold, and invests his very fragments with a certain air of greatness; each sentence seems given in on oath. It is this which glorifies even D'Aubigne's Romance of the Reformation, for he *seeks* at least to show God in history, like a golden thread, pervading, uniting, explaining, and purifying it all. No such passion for truth as Arnold's, no such steady vision of those great, outshining laws of justice, mercy, and retribution, which pervade all human story, as D'Aubigne's, and in a far higher degree as Carlyle's, do we expect realized in Macaulay. His history, in all likelihood, will be the splendid cenotaph of his party. It will be brilliant in parts, tedious as a whole—curiously and minutely learned—written now with elaborate pomp, and now with elaborate negligence—heated by party spirit whenever the fires of enthusiasm begin to pale—it will abound in striking literary and personal sketches, and will easily rise to and above the level of the scenes it describes, just because few of those scenes, from the character of the period, are of the highest moral interest or grandeur. But a history forming a transcript, as if in the short-hand of a superior being, of the leading events of the age, solemn in spirit, subdued in tone, grave and testamentary in language, profound in insight, judicial in impartiality, and final as a Median law in effect, we might have perhaps expected from Mackintosh, but not from Macaulay.

"Broader and deeper," says Emerson, "must we write our annals." The true idea of history is only as yet dawning on the world; the old almanac form of history has been generally renounced, but much of the old almanac spirit remains. The avowed partisan still presumes to write his special pleading, and to call it a history. The romance writer still decorates his fancy-piece, and, for fear of mistake, writes under it, "This is a history." The bald retailer of the dry bones of history is not yet entirely banished from our literature—nor is the hardy, but one-sided Iconoclast, who has a quarrel with all established reputation, and would spring a mine against the sun if he could—nor is the sagacious philosophiste, who has access to the inner thoughts and motives of men who have been dead for centuries, and often imputes to deep, deliberate purpose what was the result of momentary impulse, fresh and sudden as the breeze, who accurately sums up and ably reasons on all calculable principles, but omits the incalculable, such as inspiration and frenzy. We are waiting for the full avatar of the ideal historian, who to the intellectual qualities of clear sight, sagacity, picturesque power, and learning, shall add the far rarer qualities of a love for truth only equalled by a love for man—a belief in and sympathy with progress, thorough independence and impartiality, and an all-embracing charity—and after Macaulay's History of England has seen the light, may still be found waiting.

The real purpose of a writer is perhaps best concluded from the effect he produces on the minds of his readers. And what is the boon which Macaulay's writings do actually confer upon their millions of readers? Much information, doubtless—many ingenious views are given and developed, but the main effect is pleasure—either a lulling, soothing opiate, or a rousing and stimulating gratification. But what is their mental or moral influence? What new and great truths do they throw like bomb-shells into nascent spirits, disturbing forever their repose? What sense of the moral sublime have they ever infused into the imagination, or what thrilling and strange joy "beyond the name of pleasure" have they ever circulated through the heart? What long, deep trains of thought have his thoughts ever started, and to what melodies in other minds have his words struck the key-note? Some authors mentally "beget children—they travail in birth with children;" thus from Coleridge sprang Hazlitt, but who is Macaulay's eldest born? Who dates any great era in his history from the reading of his works, or has received from him even the bright edge of any apocalyptic revelation? Pleasure, we repeat, is the principal boon he has conferred on the age; and without under-estimating this, (which, indeed, were ungrateful, for none have derived more pleasure from him than ourselves,) we must say that it is comparatively a trivial gift—a fruiterer's or a confectioner's office—and, moreover, that the pleasure he gives, like that arising from the use of wine, or from the

practice of novel-reading, requires to be imbibed in great moderation, and needs a robust constitution to bear it. Reading his papers is employment but too delicious—the mind is too seldom irritated and provoked—the higher faculties are too seldom appealed to—the sense of the infinite is never given—there is perpetual excitement, but it is that of a game of tennis-ball, and not the Titanic play of rocks and mountains—there is constant exercise, but it is rather the swing of an easy chair than the grasp and tug of a strong rower striving to keep time with one stronger than himself. Ought we ask a grave and solid reputation, as extensive as that of Shakspeare or Milton, to be entirely founded on what is essentially a course of light reading?

We do not venture on his merits as a politician or statesman. But, as a speaker, we humbly think he has been over-rated. He is not a sublime orator, who fulminates, and fiercely, and almost contemptuously, sways his audience; he is not a subtle declaimer, who winds around and within the sympathies of his hearers, till, like the damsel in the "Castle of Indolence," they weaken as they warm, and are at last sighingly but luxuriously lost. He is not a being piercing a lonely way for his own mind, through the thick of his audience—wondered at, looked after, but not followed—dwelling apart from them even while rivetting them to his lips—still less is he an incarnation of moral dignity, whose slightest sentence is true to the inmost soul of honor, and whose plain, blunt speech is as much better than oratory, as oratory is better than rhetoric. He is the primed mouth-piece of an elaborate discharge, who presents, applies the linstock, and fires off. He speaks rather before than to his audience. We felt this strongly when hearing him at the opening of the New Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh; that appearance had on us the effect of disenchantment; our lofty ideal of Macaulay the orator—an ideal founded on the perusal of all sorts of fulsome panegyrics—sank like a dream. Macaulay the orator? Why had they not raved as well of Macaulay the beauty? He is, indeed, a master of rhetorical display; he aspires to be a philosopher; he is a brilliant *littérateur*; but, besides not speaking oratorically, he does not speak at all, if speaking means free communication with the souls and hearts of his hearers. If Demosthenes, Fox, and O'Connell were orators, he is none. It was not merely that we were disappointed with his personal appearance—that is sturdy and manlike, if not graceful—it is, besides, hereditary, and cannot be helped; but the *speech* was an elaborate and ungraceful accommodation to the presumed prejudices and tastes of the hearers—a piece of literary electioneering—and the manner, in its fluent monotony, showed a heart untouched amid all the palaver. Here is one, we thought, whose very tones prove that his success has been far too easy and exulting, and who has never known by experience the meaning of the grand old words, "perfect through suffering." Here is one in

public sight selling his birthright for a mess of pottage and worthless praise, and who may live bitterly to rue the senseless bargain, for that applause is as certainly insincere as that birthright is high. Here is one who, ingloriously sinking with compulsion and laborious flight, consciously confounds culture with mere knowledge—speaking as if a boarding-school Miss, who had read Ewing's Geography, were therein superior to Strabo. There, Thomas Macaulay, we thought thou art contradicting thy former and better self, for we well remember thee speaking in an article with withering contempt of those who prefer to that "fine old geography of Strabo" the pompous inanities of Pinkerton. And dost thou deem thyself, all accomplished as thou art, nearer to the infinite mind than Pythagoras or Plato, because thou knowest more? And when he spoke again extempore, he sounded a still lower deep, and we began almost to fancy that there must be some natural deficiency in a mind so intensely cultivated, which could not shake as good, or better speeches, than even his first, "out of his sleeve." But the other proceedings and haranguings of that evening were not certainly fitted to eclipse his brightness, though they were calculated, in the opinion of many, to drive the truly eloquent to the woods, to find in the old trees a more congenial audience.

The House of Commons, we are told, hushes to hear him, but this may arise from other reasons than the mere power of his eloquence. He has a name, and there is far too much even in parliament of that base parasitical element, which, while denying ordinary courtesy to the untried, has its knee delicately hinged to bend in supple homage to the acknowledged. He avoids, again, the utterance of all extreme opinions—never startles or offends—never shoots abroad forked flashes of truth; and besides, his speaking is, in its way, a very peculiar treat. Like his articles, it generally gives pleasure; and who can deny themselves an opportunity of being pleased, any more than a dish of strawberries and cream in summer time. Therefore, the house was silent—its perpetual undersong subsided—even Roebuck's bristles were wont to lower, and Joseph Hume's careful front to relax—when the right honorable member for Edinburgh was on his legs. But he is, in our idea, the orator who fronts the storm and crushes it into silence—who snatches the prejudice from three hundred frowning foreheads and binds it as a crown unto him—and who, not on some other and less difficult arena, but on that very field, wins the laurels which he is to wear. Those are the eloquent sentences which, though hardly heard above the tempest of opposition, yet are heard—and felt as well as heard—and obeyed as well as felt, which bespeak the surges at their loudest, and immediately there is a great calm.

We are compelled, therefore, as our last general remark on Macaulay, to call him rather a large and broad, than a subtle sincere, or profound spirit. A simple child of Nature, trembling before the air played by some invisible musician behind him, what

picture could be more exactly his antithesis? But neither has he, in any high degree, either the gift of philosophic analysis, or the subtle idealizing power of the poet. Clear, direct, uncircumspective thought—vivid vision of the characters he describes—an eye to see, rather than an imagination to combine—strong, but subdued enthusiasm—learning of a wide range, and information still more wonderful in its minuteness and accuracy—a style limited and circumscribed by mannerism, but having all power and richness possible within its own range—full of force, though void of freedom—and a tone of conscious mastery, in his treatment of every subject, are some of the qualities which build him up—a strong and thoroughly furnished man, fit surely for more massive deeds than either a series of sparkling essays, or what shall probably be a one-sided history.

In passing from his general characteristics to his particular works, there is one circumstance in favor of the critic. While many authors are much, their writings are little known; but if ever any writings were published, it is Macaulay's. A glare of publicity, as wide almost as the sunshine of the globe, rests upon them; and it is always easier to speak to men of what they know perfectly, than of what they know in part. To this there is perhaps an exception in his contributions to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." That periodical, some of our readers may be aware, was of limited circulation, and limited life. "It sparkled—was exhaled, and went to—;" yet Professor Wilson has been known to say, that its four or five volumes are equal in talent to any four or five in the compass of periodical literature. To this opinion we must respectfully demur—at least we found the reading of two or three of them rather a hard task, the sole relief being in the papers of Macaulay, and would be disposed to prefer an equal number of "Blackwood," "Tait," or the "Old London Magazine."

Macaulay's best contributions to this are a series of poems entitled, "Lays of the Roundheads." These, though less known than his "Lays of the League," which also appeared in "Knight," are, we think, superior. They are fine anticipations of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Like Scott, vaulting between Claverhouse and Burley, and entering with equal gusto into the souls of both, Macaulay sings with equal spirit the song of the enthusiastic Cavalier and that of the stern Roundhead. He could have acted as poet-laureate to Hannibal as well as to the republic, and his "Lays of Carthage" would have been as sweet, as strong, and more pathetic than his "Lays of Rome." "How happy could he be with either, were t' other dear charmer away." Not thus could Carlyle pass from his "Life of Cromwell" to a panegyric on the "Man of Blood," whose eyes—

"Could bear to look on torture, but durst not look on war."

But Macaulay is the artist, sympathizing more with the poetry than with the principles of the great Puritanic contest.

His Roman Lays, though of a later date, fall naturally under the same category of consideration. These, when published, took the majority of the public by surprise, who were nearly as astonished at this late flowering of poetry in the celebrated critic, as were the Edinburgh people, more recently, at the portentous tidings that Patrick Robertson, also, was among the poets. The initiated, however, acquainted with his previous effusions, hailed the phenomenon, (not as in Patrick's case, with shouts of spurring laughter,) but with bursts of applause, which the general voice more than confirmed. The day when the Lays appeared, though deep in autumn, seemed a belated dog-day, so frantic did their admirers become. Homer, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, were now to hide their diminished heads, for an old friend under a new face had arisen to eclipse them all. And, for martial spirit, we are free to confess the Lays have never been surpassed, save by Homer, Scott, and by Burns, whose one epithet "red wat shod," whose one description of the dying Scotch soldier in the "Earnest Cry," and whose one song, "Go fetch for me a pint of wine," are enough to stamp him among the foremost of martial poets. Macaulay's ballads sound in parts like the thongs of Bellona. Written, it is said, in the war office, the Genius of Battle might be figured bending over the author, sternly smiling on her *last* poet, and shedding from her wings a ruddy light upon his rapidly and furiously-filling page. But the poetry of war is not of the highest order. Seldom, except when the war is ennobled by some great cause, as when Deborah uttered her unequalled thanksgiving, can the touch of the sword extract the richest life's blood of poetry. Selfish is the exultation over victory, selfish the wailing under defeat. The song of the sword must soon give place to the song of the bell; and the pastoral ditty pronounced over the reaping hook shall surpass all lyrical baptisms of the spear. As it is, the gulf between the Lays—amazingly spirited though they be—and intellectual, imaginative, or moral poetry, is nearly as wide as between Chevy Chase and Laodamia. Besides, the Lays are in a great measure centos; the images are no more original than the facts, and the poetic effect is produced through the singular rapidity, energy, and felicity of the narration, and the breathless rush of the verse, "which rings to boot and saddle." One of the finest touches, for example, is imitated from Scott.

"The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close"—

Macaulay has it. In the *Lady of the Lake* it is:—

"The exulting eagle screamed afar,
She knew the voice of Alpine's war."

Indeed, no part of the Lays rises higher than the better passages of Scott. As a whole, they are more imitative and less rich in figure and language than his poetry; and we have been unable to discover any powers revealed in them which his prose

works had not previously and amply disclosed. In fact, their excessive popularity arose in a great measure from the new attitude in which they presented their writer. Long accustomed to speak to the public, he suddenly volunteered to sing, and his song was harmonious, and between gratitude and surprise was vehemently encored. It was as if Helen Faucit were to commence to lecture, and should lecture well; or as though Douglas Jerrold were to announce a volume of sermons, and the sermons turn out to be excellent. This, after all, would only prove versatility of talent; it would not enlarge our conception of the real calibre of their powers. Nay, we hesitate not to assert, that certain passages of Macaulay's prose rise higher than the finest raptures of his poetry, and that the term eloquence will measure the loftiest reaches of either.

This brings us to say a few words on his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review." We confess, that had we been called on while new from reading those productions, our verdict on them would have been much more enthusiastic. Their immediate effect is absolutely intoxicating. Each reads like a new Waverley tale. "More—give us more—it is divine!" we cry, like the Cyclops when he tasted of the wine of Outis. As Pitt adjourned the court after Sheridan's Begum speech, so, in order to judge fairly, we are compelled to adjourn the criticism. Days even have to elapse ere the stern question begins slowly, through the golden mist, to lift up its head—"What have you gained? Have you only risen from a more refined 'Noctes Ambrosianæ'! Have you only been conversing with an elegant artist? or has a prophet been detaining you in his terrible grasp? or has Apollo been touching your trembling ears?" As we answer, we almost blush, remembering our tame and sweet subjection; and yet the moment that the enchantment again assails us, it again is certain to prevail.

But what is the explanation of this power? Is it altogether magical, or does it admit of analysis? Macaulay's writings have one very peculiar and very popular quality. They are eminently clear. They can by no possibility, at any time, be nebulous. You can read them as you run. Schoolboys devour them with as much zest as bearded men. This clearness is, we think, connected with deficiency in his speculative and imaginative faculties; but it does not so appear to the majority of readers. Walking in an even and distinct pathway, not one stumbling stone or alley of gloom in its whole course, no hill of difficulty rising, nor path of danger diverging, greeted, too, by endless vistas of interest and beauty, all are but too glad, and too grateful, to get so trippingly along. Vanity, also, whispers to the more ambitious: What we can so easily understand we could easily equal; and thus are the readers kept on happy terms both with the author and themselves. His writings have all the stimulus of oracular decision, without one particle of oracular darkness. His papers, too, are thickly studded with facts. This itself, in an

age like ours, is enough to recommend them, especially when these facts are so carefully selected—when told now with emphasis so striking, and now with negligence so graceful; and when suspended around a theory at once dazzling and slight—at once paradoxical and pleasing. The reader, beguiled, believes himself reading something more agreeable than history, and more voracious than fiction. It is a very waltz of facts that he witnesses; and yet how consoling to reflect that they are facts after all! Again, Macaulay, as we have repeatedly hinted, is given to paradoxes. But then these paradoxes are so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved—his originalities are so orthodox—and his mode of expressing them is at once so strong and so measured—that people feel both the tickling sensation of novelty and a perfect sense of safety, and are slow to admit that the author, instead of being a bold, is a timorous thinker, one of the literary as well as political *juste-milieu*. Again, his manner and style are thoroughly English. As his sympathies are, to a great degree, with English modes of thought and habit of action, so his language is a stream of English undefiled. All the territories which it has traversed have enriched, without coloring, its waters. Even the most valuable of German refinements—such as that common one of subjective and objective—are sternly shied. That philosophic diction which has been from Germany so generally transplanted, is denied admittance into Macaulay's grounds, exciting a shrewd suspicion that he does not often require it for philosophical purposes. Scarcely a phrase or word is introduced which Swift would not have sanctioned. In anxiety to avoid a barbarous and Mosaic diction, he goes to the other extreme, and practises purism and elaborate simplicity. Perhaps under a weightier burden, like Charon's skiff, such a style might break down; but, as it is, it floats on, and carries the reader with it, in all safety, rapidity, and ease. Again, this writer has—apart from his clearness, his bridled paradox, and his English style—a power of interesting his readers, which we may call, for want of a more definite term, tact. This art he has taught himself gradually; for in his earlier articles, such as that on "Milton," and the "Present Administration," there were a prodigality and a recklessness—a prodigality of image, and a recklessness of statement—which argued an impulsive nature, not likely so soon to subside into a tactician. Long ago, however, has he *changé tout cela*. Now he can set his elaborate passages at proper distances from each other; he peppers his page more sparingly with the condiments of metaphor and image; he interposes anecdotes to break the blaze of his splendor; he consciously stands at ease, nay, condescends to nod, the better to prepare his reader, and breathe himself for a grand gallop; and though he has not the art to conceal his art, yet he has the skill always to fix his reader—always to write, as he himself says of Horace Walpole, "what everybody will like to read." Still further, and finally, he has a quality different from

and superior to all these—he has genuine literary enthusiasm, which public life has not yet been able to chill. He is not an inspired child, but he is still an ardent schoolboy, and what many count and call his literary vice we count his literary salvation. It is this unfeigned love of letters and genius which (dexterously managed, indeed) is the animating and inspiring element of Macaulay's better criticisms, and the redeeming point in his worse. It is a love which many waters have been unable to destroy, and which shall burn till death. When he retires from public life, like Lord Grenville, he may say, "I return to Plato and the Iliad."

We must be permitted, ere we close, a few remarks on some of his leading papers. Milton was his "Reuben—his first-born—the beginning of his strength;" and thought by many "the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power." It was gorgeous as an eastern tale. He threw such a glare about Milton that at times you could not see him. The article came clashing down on the floor of our literature like a gauntlet of defiance, and all wondered what young Titan could have launched it. Many inquired, "Starting at such a rate, whither is he likely to go?" Meanwhile the wiser, while admiring, quietly smiled, and whispered in reply, "At such a rate no man can or ought to advance." Meanwhile, too, a tribute to Milton from across the waters, less brilliant, but springing from a more complete and mellow sympathy with him, though at first overpowered, began steadily and slowly to gain the superior suffrage of the age, and from that pride of place has not yet receded. On the contrary, Macaulay's paper he himself now treats as the brilliant bastard of his mind. Of such *splendida vitia* he need not be ashamed. We linger as we remember the wild delight with which we first read his picture of the Puritans, ere it was hackneyed by quotation, and ere we thought it a rhetorical bravura. How burning his print of Dante! The best frontispiece to this paper on Milton would be the figure of Robert Hall, at the age of sixty, lying on his back, and learning Italian, in order to verify Macaulay's description of the "Man that had been in Hell."

In what a different light does the review of Croker's Boswell exhibit our author! He sets out like Shenstone, by saying, "I will, I will be witty;" and like him, the will and the power are equal. Macaulay's wit is always sarcasm—sarcasm embittered by indignation, and yet performing its minute dissections with judicial gravity. Here he catches his Rhadamanthus of the Shades, in the upper air of literature, and his vengeance is more ferocious than his wont. He first flays, then kills, then tramples, and then hangs his victim in chains. It is the onset of one whose time is short, and who expects reprisals in another region. Nor will his sarcastic vein, once awakened against Croker, sleep till it has scorched poor Boszy to ashes, and even singed the awful wig of Johnson. We cannot comprehend Macaulay's fury at Boswell, whom he crushes with a disproportionate ex-

penditure of power and anger. Nor can we coincide with his eloquent enforcement of the opinion, first propounded by Burke, then seconded by Mackintosh, and which seems to have become general, that Johnson is greater in Boswell's book than in his own works. To this we demur. Boswell's book gives us little idea of Johnson's eloquence, or power of grappling with higher subjects—"Rasselas" and the "Lives of the Poets" do. Boswell's book does justice to Johnson's wit, readiness, and fertility; but if we would see the full force of his fancy, the full energy of his invective, and his full sensibility to, and command over, the moral sublime, we must consult such papers in the "Idler" as that wonderful one on the Vultures, or in the "Rambler," as Anningait and Ajut, his London, and his Vanity of Human Wishes. Boswell, we venture to assert, has not saved one *great* sentence of his idol—such as we may find profusely scattered in his own writings—nor has recorded fully any of those conversations, in which, pitted against Parr or Burke, he talked his best. If Macaulay merely means that Boswell, through what he has preserved, and through his own unceasing admiration, gives us a higher conception of Johnson's every-day powers of mind than his writings supply, he is right; but in expressly claiming the immortality for that "careless table-talk," which he denies to the works, and forgetting that the works discover higher faculties in special display, we deem him mistaken.

In attacking Johnson's style, Macaulay is, unconsciously, a suicide—not that his style is modelled upon Johnson's, or that he abounds in *sesqui-pedalia verba*—he has never needed large or new words, either to cloak up mere commonplace, or to express absolute originality—but many of the faults he charges against Johnson belong to himself. Uniformity of march—want of flexibility and ease—consequent difficulty in adapting itself to common subjects—perpetual and artfully balanced antithesis, were, at any rate, once peculiarities of Macaulay's writings, as well as of Johnson's, nor are they yet entirely relinquished. After all, such faults are only the awkward steps of the elephant, which only the monkey can deride. Or we may compare them to the unwieldy, but sublime movements of a giant telescope, which turns slowly and solemnly, as if in time and tune with the stately steps of majesty with which the great objects it contemplates are revolving.

The article on Byron, for light and sparkling brilliance, is Macaulay's finest paper. Perhaps it is not sufficiently grave or profound for the subject. There are, we think, but two modes of properly writing about Byron—the one is the Monody, the other the Impeachment: this paper is neither. Mere criticism over such dread dust is impertinent; mere panegyric impossible. Either with condemnation melting down in irrepressible tears, or with tears drying up in strong censure, should we approach the memory of Byron, if, indeed, eternal silence were not better still.

Over one little paper we are apt to pause with a

peculiar fondness—the paper on Bunyan. As no one has greater sympathy with the spirit of the Puritans without having any with their peculiar sentiments than Carlyle, so no one sympathizes more with the literature of that period, without much else in common (unless we except Southey) as Macaulay. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is to him, as to many, almost a craze. He cannot speak calmly about it. It continues to shine in the purple light of youth; and, amid all the paths he has traversed, he has never forgotten that immortal path which Bunyan's genius has so boldly mapped out, so variously peopled, and so richly adorned. How can it be forgotten, since it is at once the miniature of the entire world, and a type of the progress of every earnest soul? The City of Destruction, the Slough of Despond, the Delectable Mountains, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Beulah, and the Black River, are still extant, unchangeable realities, as long as man continues to be tried and to triumph. But it is less in this typical aspect than as an interesting tale that Macaulay seems to admire it. Were we to look at it in this light alone, we should vastly prefer "Turpin's Ride to York," or "Tam O'Shanter's Progress to Alloway Kirk." But as an unconscious mythic history of man's moral and spiritual advance, its immortality is secure, though its merits are as yet in this point little appreciated. Bunyan, indeed, knew not what he did; but then he spake inspired; his deep heart prompted him to say that to which all deep hearts in all ages should respond; and we may confidently predict that never shall that road be shut up or deserted. As soon stop the current or change the course of the black and bridgeless river.

We might have dwelt, partly in praise and partly in blame, on some of his other articles—might, for instance, have combated his slump and summary condemnation, in "Dryden," of Ossian's poems—poems which, striking, as they did, all Europe to the soul, must have had some merit, and which, laid for years to the burning heart of Napoleon, must have had some corresponding fire. That, said Coleridge, of Thomson's "Seasons," lying on the cottage window-sill, is true fame; but was there no true fame in the fact that Napoleon, as he bridged the Alps, and made at Lodi impossibility itself the slave of his genius, had these poems in his travelling carriage? Could the chosen companion of such a soul, in such moments, be altogether false and worthless? Ossian's Poems we regard as a ruder "Robbers"—a real though clouded voice of poetry, rising in a low age, prophesying and preparing the way for the miracles which followed; and we doubt if Macaulay himself has ever equalled some of the nobler flights of Macpherson. We may search his writings long ere we find anything so sublime, though we may find many passages equally ambitious, as the Address to the Sun.

He closes his collected articles with his Warren Hastings, as with a grand finale. This we read with the more interest, as we fancy it a chapter extracted from his forthcoming history. As such

it justifies our criticism by anticipation. Its personal and literary sketches are unequalled, garnished as they are with select scandal, and surrounded with all the accompaniments of dramatic art. Hastings' trial is a picture to which that of Lord Erskine, highly wrought though it be, is vague and forced, and which, in its thick and cruded magnificence, reminds you of the descriptions of Tacitus, or (singular connection!) of the paintings of Hogarth. As in Hogarth, the variety of figures and circumstances is prodigious, and each and all bear upon the main object, to which they point like fingers; so from every face, figure, aspect, and attitude, in the crowded hall of Westminster, light rushes on the brow of Hastings, who seems a fallen god in the centre of the god-like radiance. Even Fox's "sword" becomes significant, and seems to thirst for the pro-consul's destruction. But Macaulay, though equal to descriptions of men in all difficult and even sublime postures, never describes scenery well. His landscapes are too artificial and elaborate. When, for example, he paints Paradise in Byron, or Pandemonium in Dryden, it is by parts and parcels, and you see him pausing and rubbing his brows between each lovely or each terrible item. The scene reluctantly comes, or rather is pulled into view, in slow and painful series. It does not rush over his eye, and require to be detained in its giddy passage. Hence his picture of India in Hastings is an admirable picture of an Indian village, but not of India, the country. You have the "old oaks"—the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head—the courier shaking his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas—but where are the eternal bloom, the immemorial temples, the vast blood-spangled mists of superstition, idolatry, and caste, which brood over the sweltering land—the Scotlands of jungle, lighted up by the eyes of tigers as with infernal stars—the Ganges, the lazy deity of the land, creeping down reluctantly to the sea—the heat, encompassing the country like a sullen, sleepy hell—the swift steps of tropical Death, heard amid the sulphury silence—the ancient monumental look proclaiming that all things here continue as they were from the foundation of the world, or seen in the hazy distance as the girdle of the land—the highest peaks of earth soaring up toward the sun, Sirius, the throne of God! Macaulay too much separates the material from the moral aspects of the scene, instead of blending them together as exponents of the one great fact, India.

But we must stop. Ere closing, however, we are tempted to add, as preachers do, a solid inference or two from our previous remarks. First, we think we can indicate the field on which Mr. Macaulay is likely yet to gain his truest and permanent fame. It is in writing the *Literary History* of his country. Such a work is still a desideratum; and no living writer is so well qualified by his learning and peculiar gifts—by his powers

and prejudices—by his strength and his weakness, to supply it. In this he is far more assured of success than in any political or philosophical history. With what confidence and delight would the public follow his guidance, from the times of Chaucer to those of Cowper, when our literature ceased to be entirely natural, and even a stage or two further! Of such a "progress" we proclaim him worthy to be the Great-heart! Secondly, we infer from a retrospect of his whole career, the evils of a too easy and a too early success. It is by an early Achillean baptism alone that men can secure Achillean invulnerability, or confirm Achillean strength. This was the redeeming point in Byron's history. Though a lord, he had to undergo a stern training, which indurated and strengthened him to a pitch, which all the after blandishments of society could not weaken. Society did not—in spite of our author—spoil him by its favor, though it infuriated him by its resentment. But he has been the favored and petted child of good fortune. There has been no "crook," till of late, either in his political or literary "lot." If he has not altogether inherited, he has approached, the verge of the curse, "Woe to you, when all men shall speak well of you." No storms have unbarred his mind to its depths. It has been his uniformly to—

"Pursue the triumph and partake the gale."

Better all this for his own peace than for his power, or for the permanent effect of his writings.

Let us congratulate him, finally, on his temporary defeat. A few more such victories as he had formerly gained, and he had been undone. A few more such defeats, and if he be, as we believe, essentially a man, he may yet, in the "strength of the lonely," in the consciousness and terrible self-satisfaction of those who deem themselves injuriously assailed, perform such deeds of derring-do as shall abash his adversaries and astonish even himself.

ON SEEING SOME ANCIENT TOMBS OF THE CONSTANTINES,

ERECTED, BY THE SULTAN'S ORDERS, NEAR THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

BENEATH Sophia's wondrous dome I stood,
And witnessed on her walls the cross effaced,
And Islam's emblems o'er her altars placed;
And then before my mind that day of blood
Arose, when, spite of all that valor could,
Byzantium fell, o'erwhelmed, but not disgraced;
Then, quenched beneath the Moslem's fiery flood,
Seemed the bright star of Christendom erased.
But I went forth, and even by the door
A handful of quiet men, with toil and care,
Upreared an ancient tomb with honor there,
And, looking for the emblem that it bore,
I marked the fair broad cross of Constantine
Upon its side.—This also is a sign.

Tait's Magazine.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

STRANGE season, evanescent
 As childhood's sunny thought—
 How sad, and yet how pleasant,
 Are the feelings thou hast brought!
 The sky is bright above us—
 The air as bland as June,
 And the brook to joy would move us.
 By its happy little tune.

But we miss the merry singing
 Of the birds among the trees,
 And the flowers, that late were flinging
 Their odors on the breeze;
 And the cattle that were feeding
 Upon the mountain-side—
 And the flocks their young ones leading.
 Where the rivulets do glide.

Now, we only hear the rustle
 Of the dry leaves as we tread;
 Or the timid squirrel startle
 From the branches overhead;
 Or the sportman's gun resounding
 Among the naked hills;
 Or his greyhound's fleet foot bounding
 Across the rocks and rills.

We feel the sun of summer,
 But its verdure do not see,
 While there comes a whispered murmur
 From every leafless tree,
 Which checks the voice of gladness
 That else might ring again,
 And brings a drowsy sadness
 To fasten on the brain.

Yes 'tis the INDIAN summer,
 For treacherous are its beams—
 And as fading as the glimmer
 Of happiness in dreams.
 The very mists of morning,
 Tho' heralding fair days,
 Are shadowy forms of warning
 Which vanish while we gaze.

Thus summer's ghost keeps beckoning
 Our willing feet to roam,
 While we forget the reckoning
 Of winter's day to come;
 And yet, so sadly pleasant
 Is all we feel or see,
 That in this dreamy present
 Forever would we be.

NEWARK, Nov. 1847.

E. C. K.

From the Richmond Southerner.

MR. EDITOR:—About five miles from the village of Smithfield, Isle of Wight county, Virginia, may be seen the ruins of an Episcopal Church, bearing every appearance of having been built in the earliest days of the colonies. In the bosom of a forest of ancient trees, lonely and drear, stand the remains of a once neat and even splendid temple of worship. The tower and belfry are truly antique, and the buttresses, a part of architecture not known in these days, bear every mark of the ravages of time. The ivy clings to the crumbling brick, and even trees of from twelve to fifteen feet in height, have taken root in the crevices, and yearly put on their green garments, and wave in the howling storm. The interior of the church presents a solemn view of the devastations of time, and the slow workings

of the finger of decay. The altar and pulpit are, it is true, of more recent structure; but the Gothic character of the window, which once was ornamented with stained glass, though now "bricked in," proves the great antiquity of the edifice. Modern Vandals have made the walls a record of their names, their poetical abilities, and their wit; for it is a propensity to which most persons of the present age must plead guilty, to let their fellow-travellers to eternity know that they have held communion with times past and gone, by honoring a sacred relic with their attention.

The earliest record of this venerable pile is a resolution before the trustees of the church, to appropriate a certain sum for repairs of the building; and this was recorded over two hundred years ago. During the war, the building became the quarters for the British troops, who destroyed the stained window glass, and otherwise desecrated the sacred walls. Religious service was held in the building a few years back, but it now appears to be totally abandoned to the ravages of decay, the owl and the bat being the only tenants of its moss-covered walls. Some time since a number of citizens, curious to know something of its origin, dug at the four angles, for the purpose of finding the corner stone, and "removing the deposits," but without success. Under the aisle were found the bones of a human being, supposed to be those of one of the original pastors, who died within the remembrance of an old negro man, now upwards of one hundred years of age.

If the following lines, which were written within the walls of the venerable church a few days since, are worthy of a place in your journal, they are at your service:—

THE OLD CHURCH.

I stand within the forest drear,
 A clear blue sky is o'er my head;
 The gnarled oak, with leaves all sere,
 Looks down upon the sleeping dead.
 The broken slab no record bears
 Of those who lie the turf beneath;
 And thro' the pine's mysterious airs
 The winds of winter seem to breathe.

The lizard and the adder sleep
 Beneath the cold and crumbling stone;
 And ivy tendrils, as they creep,
 Seem uttering, "Alone—alone!"
 Alone! the dreary wind replies;
 Alone! the forest monarch groans;
 Alone! the gurgling streamlet sighs;
 Alone! reëcho dead men's bones.

Aye—all alone! thou dreary pile!
 Forsaken by the human throng,
 Who once passed up thy hallowed aisle,
 And praised our God in heavenly song.
 The owl hoots where holy priest
 Breathed strains of pious eloquence,
 And minister'd the sacred feast
 To Christians bent in penitence.

The bell no longer calls to prayers,
 Or blithely rings the nuptial peal;
 Thy worshippers—long sleep is theirs!
 And death hath fixed the lover's seal.
 The living linger round thy walls
 To hold communion with the dead,
 And hear the spirit voice that calls
 The wearied to a calmer bed.

Norfolk, Jan. 23 1847.

J. H. H.

From the London Morning Herald, Nov. 2.

SUCCESSFUL RESULT OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

It is known that in July, 1846, the Hudson's Bay Company despatched an expedition of 13 persons from Fort Churchill, in Hudson's bay, under the command of Dr. John Rae, for the purpose of surveying the unexplored portion of the Arctic coast at the north-eastern angle of the American continent. This expedition has now returned, after having traced the coast all the way from the Lord Mayor's bay of Sir John Ross to within a few miles of the Straits of the Fury and the Hecla—thus proving Sir John Ross to have been correct in stating Boothia Felix to be a peninsula. The details will be found in the following abstract of a report just received by the Hudson's Bay Company:—

To the Governor, Deputy Governor, and Committee of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company.

Hon. Sirs—I have the honor to inform you that the expedition under my charge, which left Churchill on the 5th of July, 1846, for the purpose of tracing the coast of America between Dease and Simpson's furthest, and the strait of the Fury and Hecla, returned in safety to this place on the 6th inst., after having, by travelling over the ice and snow in the spring, surveyed the coast from the Lord Mayor's bay of Sir John Ross to within eight or ten miles of the Fury and Hecla strait; thus proving that eminent navigator was correct in stating Boothia Felix to be a portion of the American continent.

After leaving Churchill the crews of the boats were divided into watches, so that we continued under sail day and night whenever the weather was sufficiently moderate.

On the 15th, when about 10 miles to the north of Cape Fullerton, we first met with ice, which was so heavy and closely packed that it was at last found necessary to seek shelter in a deep and narrow inlet that opportunely presented itself. We were detained here two days, during which I found that our harbor formed the estuary of a considerable stream, on the beach near the mouth of which a great number of seals were lying. The latitude, 64d. 6m. 45s. north, was observed; variation of the compass, 22d. 10m. west.

We reached the most southerly opening of Wager river on the 22d, and were detained all day by immense quantities of heavy ice driving in with the flood and out again with the ebb tide, which ran at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, forcing up the ice and grinding it against the rocks, causing a noise resembling thunder.

On the 23d we made the traverse from the south to the north side of the entrance of Wager river with some difficulty, and holding on our course toward Repulse bay, about 7 P. M. on the 24th we rounded Cape Hope, and sailed up during the night to within eight miles of the head of the bay, where we cast anchor for a few hours, under shelter of a small island near its south shore.

At three P. M. on the 25th we entered Gibson's cove, on the banks of which I was rejoiced to observe three Esquimaux tents, and four of the natives standing on the shore. They appeared much alarmed at our approach; but their fears were soon dispelled on my landing with the interpreter, and explaining our friendly intentions toward them. None of the party had ever visited Churchill, but one or two of the women had seen Capt. Parry's ships both at Igloo-lik and Winter island, and they

still wore beads round their wrists which they had obtained from on board those vessels. They had never heard nor seen anything of Sir John Franklin.

From a chart drawn by one of the party I inferred that the Arctic sea (named Akkoolee) to the west of Melville peninsula, was not more than 40 miles distant, in a N. N. W. direction, and that about 35 miles of the distance was occupied by deep lakes; so that we would have only five miles of land to drag our boat over, a mode of proceeding which I had decided upon, even had the distance been much greater, in preference to going round by the Fury and Hecla strait.

Having unloaded the boats, and placed one of them, with the greater part of the cargo, in security, the other was hauled three miles up a rapid and narrow river, which flowed from one of the lakes we were to pass through. This work occupied us the whole of the 26th, as the current was very strong, and the channel so full of large boulder stones, that the men were frequently up to the waist in ice-cold water while lifting or launching the boat over these impediments.

Our landing-place was found to be in latitude 66d. 32m. 1s. north. The rate of the chronometer had become so irregular that it could not be depended upon for finding the longitude. During the winter it stopped altogether.

On the 27th, leaving one man in charge of our stores, &c., which were placed *en cache* on the rocks and covered with oilcloths, the rest of the party, assisted by three Esquimaux, carried what baggage and provisions were necessary to the boat. The distance from this part of the river to where it issues from the lake being only a mile and a half, and the current being less rapid, we soon reached the lake, which was six miles long, and varied from half a mile to 200 yards in breadth, its depth being in some places upward of 30 fathoms.

After traversing several lakes, and crossing over six portages, on the 1st of August we entered a shallow stream flowing to the northward. Following this, we arrived at the sea at 5 P. M., in lat. 67d. 13m. north; longitude, by account, 87d. 30m. west. The tide being out, the men had some rest, which they much required after their hard labor.

I expected to have got the boat floated during the night, but was disappointed, as the water did not rise by two feet so high as it had done the previous day; a circumstance which I could account for only by a change of wind from north-west to south.

Early on the morning of the 2d we carried the baggage a mile further down the stream and afterward, with much trouble, dragged our boat over some shoals.

We were now afloat in a salt water lake of a few miles in width, and we steered toward the only apparent opening, bearing north. On passing a point to our left two Esquimaux tents came into view. As we had not yet breakfasted, I went on shore, while the men were cooking, to ascertain if there were any inhabitants. After calling once or twice outside the door of one of the tents, an old woman popped out her head, and an aged man soon after appeared. From them I learned that the sea before us was continually full of ice, and could with difficulty be traversed in their kayaks, or small canoes.

Appearances led me to suppose that this information was correct, but it was necessary to judge for myself, and at least make an attempt to get forward, although not a pool of open water could be seen to seaward.

After landing three of our men, who had assisted us across, and were to return to Repulse bay, and giving some presents to our new friends, we pushed off, and stood to the north-west among heavy and closely packed ice, through which we made very little progress. Ranges of low granite hills lined the coast, at some places a few hundred yards distant from it, at other places projecting into the sea.

After tracing the shore for 11 miles we passed a steep rocky point which was named Point Hargrave. When a few miles past Point Hargrave, being completely stopped by ice, we put on shore and found a large wooden sledge, half of which we cut up for fuel, intending to pay the owner, whom I was pretty sure of finding on my return.

At 11 A. M. on the 3d we rounded a high bluff cape, which was called after the lady of Sir John Henry Pelly, Bart., Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

It is situated in latitude 67d. 28m. north; longitude, by account, 87d. 40m. west.

With much exertion we advanced three miles beyond the cape when we were enclosed by the ice, so that we could neither advance nor retreat. The shore still kept its northwest trending, and presented a succession of low muddy points and alternate bays. Into each of the latter a deep ravine opened, which, during the melting of the snow in spring, must form the beds of considerable streams, although at present they were nearly dry. The tides here were very irregular in their height, one tide flowing 8 or 10 feet, and the next not above half as much. The depth of water within 100 yards of the shore was from three to five fathoms on a bottom of mud and sand.

There was a fresh breeze off shore on the 5th, which had but little effect upon the ice; I therefore determined on returning, and if possible crossing over to Melville peninsula for the purpose of tracing its shores to the Fury and Hecla straits. By chopping off some pieces of ice and pushing aside others, after much exertion we succeeded in getting our boat among ice some what less closely packed. During our detention the weather had been so foggy that no observations of any value could be obtained; our clothes were all the time either quite wet, or damp; our fuel was nearly expended, and we had much difficulty in finding water that was drinkable.

I had travelled five miles along the coast, but the walking was so fatiguing that I gave up all hopes of performing the service on foot at this season.

Working our way among the ice until a mile or two past Point Hargrave, there now appeared to be sufficient open water to allow us to cross over to Melville peninsula, the nearest point of which bore N. E. (true) distant 10 miles.

We completed the traverse in five hours amid torrents of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, the wind having shifted from south-west to east.

Having secured the boats to the rocks, the men, although drenched to the skin, went immediately to sleep in their wet clothes, 18 hours' hard work at the oars and ice poles having thoroughly tired them all.

There was a thick fog with rain all the night of the 6th, but about six o'clock on the morning of the 7th a fresh breeze from S. E. dispersed the mist. As soon as the weather cleared up we started, but our progress was very slow; in four hours we gained as many miles, and were again stopped by our constant enemy. Some deer were

seen feeding among the rocks, and I landed for the purpose of endeavoring to get some venison, but the animals were too shy to be approached. An hour's sunshine dried our clothes and bedding, and thus made us feel rather more comfortable than we had been for some days past. The breeze having driven the ice a short distance off shore we ran a league to the north. The wind having increased to a gale it became dangerous to proceed among the ice; we therefore pushed for the shore, which was only a quarter of a mile distant, but we had much trouble in reaching it although pulling six oars, and ran much risk of being crushed by overhanging masses of ice, under which we were obliged to pass.

Early on the 8th it became calm, and so slight had been the effect of the late gale that the ice had nearly surrounded us before we got our anchor up. The boat could not be placed in safety here; I therefore decided on running back to our starting point, and there await some favorable change. A light breeze aided our retreat, but the ice followed close in our rear, and before we had been half an hour under shelter every spot of open water was filled up.

I learned from our Esquimaux acquaintances that the deer had already commenced migrating southward.

This being the case I prepared to walk across to Repulse bay, to learn how the men left there were getting forward with the arrangements for wintering. Leaving three men in charge of the boat, I started on the 9th, in company with the other three, and reached our destination on the following day at two P. M. A few deer had been shot and some salmon caught, but neither were yet abundant.

The Esquimaux had gone to the lakes and stationed themselves at the several deer passes, where they watch for and intercept the animals with their swift canoes, and spear them in the water.

After mature consideration I determined on giving up all hopes of prosecuting the survey at present.

My reasons for arriving at this conclusion I shall here briefly mention, as such a step may seem somewhat premature. I saw, from the state of the ice and the prevalence of northerly winds, that there was no likelihood of our completing the whole of the proposed survey this season; and, although part of the coast, either toward the strait of the Fury and Hecla or toward Dease and Simpson's furthest, might be traced, yet to accomplish even this might detain us so long that there would be no time to make the necessary preparations for wintering, and we should thus be under the necessity of returning to Churchill without accomplishing the object of the expedition, or if we remained at Repulse bay run the risk of starving, for I could obtain no promise of supplies from the natives, and all the provisions that we carried with us amounted to not more than four months' expenditure, which was all that our boats could carry. We should thus have to depend almost altogether on our own exertions for the means of existence both in regard to food and fuel.

On the 11th, retaining one man with myself, to guard our stores and attend the nets, the remaining six were sent to assist in bringing over the boat. They returned on the 15th, having been only two days crossing. Two Esquimaux had accompanied them to assist and also to act as guides; three of the portages were thus avoided, and the party had likewise the advantage of a fine fair breeze in the lakes. The Esquimaux had wrought well and

were liberally rewarded. One of them, a merry little fellow, named Ivit-chuk, (*Anglice* Seahorse,) was engaged to accompany me on my intended spring journeys over the snow and ice.

All hands were now busily occupied in making preparations for a long and cold winter. To build a house was our first object, and, there being no wood, stones were collected at a favorable spot, in a hollow on the north side of the river, a quarter of a mile from the sea. Our hunters, Nibitabo and Ouligbuck, were continually on the look-out for game, and whenever I had leisure I shouldered my rifle, and had frequently some fine sport among the deer, shooting seven one day within two miles of our encampment.

On the 2d of September our house was finished. Its internal dimensions were 20 feet long by 14 feet broad; height in front 7 1-2 feet, sloping to 5 1-2 at the back. The roof was formed of oilcloths and moose skin coverings, the masts and oars of our boat serving as rafters. The door was made of parched deer skins stretched over a frame of wood. It was named Fort Hope, and it was situated in latitude 66d. 32m. 16s., north longitude (by a number of sets of lunar distances) 86d. 55m. 41s. west. The variation of the compass on 30th August, 1846, was 62d. 50m. 30s. west; dip of the needle 88d. 14m.; and the mean time of 100 vertical vibrations in the line of declination was 226s.

During the open water, salmon were caught in the bay, but a marine insect, somewhat resembling a shrimp in miniature, cut up our nets so much that it was impossible to keep them in repair. Steeping the nets in strong decoction of tobacco had no effect.

On the 16th of October the thermometer first fell to zero, and the greater part of the reindeer had fled. We had at this date shot 130 of these animals, and during the remainder of the month, and in November, 32 more were killed, so that with 200 partridges and a few salmon, our provision store (built of snow) was pretty well stocked.

Sufficient fuel had been collected to last, if economically used, for cooking until spring, and I had shot a couple of seals, which produced oil enough for our lamps.

By nets set in the lakes under the ice, some salmon were caught, but the numbers caught were latterly so few that on the 4th of January the nets were taken up.

Our house, long before that time, had become sufficiently cold, the temperature in my room (a small space separated from the rest of the dwelling by a partition of oilcloth) was frequently from 10d to 12d below zero. The men's quarters, on account of the numbers crowded together, were rather less cold, nor did we receive any heat from our fire when cooking, as the chimney (not being built on the most approved principles) obstinately refused to allow any smoke to pass through it without the door being open. Fortunately the majority of the party had been accustomed to cold weather, and being all in excellent health our trifling discomforts furnished the subject of many a joke.

The winter was extremely stormy; indeed, so much so that frequently we could not move 50 yards from the house for several days together. On those occasions we took only one meal per day. The prevailing winds were from the northwestward, and the lowest temperature we experienced, 47d. below zero, occurred on the 8th of January.

Toward the end of February preparations for our

spring journeys were commenced. Two sleds, resembling those used by the Esquimaux, were made by nailing together some of the battens which formed the ceiling of our boats:

In the beginning of March the reindeer began to migrate northward, but were very shy. One was shot by Nibitabo on the 11th.

I had intended setting out on my journey over the land and ice on the 1st of April, but an accident that happened to Ouligbuck detained me until the 5th, on which day I left Fort Hope, in company with three men, the Esquimaux, Ibit-chuck, and Ouligbuck's son, as interpreter.

Our bedding and provisions were placed on two sledges, each drawn by four dogs; for two days our route was the same as that by boat through the lakes last autumn. On the 7th, when two miles from the sea, we struck across land to the westward, and built our snow house on a small lake four miles from Point Hargrave. This being the last fresh water lake we were likely to see for some days, our sled runners were re-iced, and an Esquimaux who had assisted us thus far with his sled and dogs returned to his home.

A strong breeze of head wind, with thick snow drift, impeded our progress on the 8th, but we nevertheless advanced seven miles beyond Cape Lady Pelly before encamping. The 9th proved fine, and the ice was less rough than that passed over the previous day, but our dogs began to fail, and one of them having become quite useless was shot.

About mid-day on the 10th we arrived opposite a rounded point which was named Cape Weynton. Our course now lay across a bay about six miles deep and ten wide, which received the name of Colville, in honor of the deputy governor of the company. Not being able to reach the land on its north side, we built our house upon the ice. The north point of the bay, which we reached the following forenoon, was called Beaufort, after the learned and scientific hydrographer to the Admiralty.

The land, which had hitherto been rocky, and ran in a N. N. W. direction, now turned to the north and became gradually more level, exhibiting every indication of a limestone country. Our next encampment was in Keith bay, situated in lat. 68d. 17m. N., lon. 88d. 22m. W.

The coast here took a sharp turn to the westward, and our Esquimaux companion informed me that by crossing overland, in a northwest direction, to a large bay which he had formerly visited, we should shorten our distance considerably. I decided on adopting the plan proposed, and left the coast on the morning of the 12th.

On the 15th, which was very stormy, with a temperature of 20 deg. below zero, we arrived at the steep mud banks of the bay spoken of by our guide, and called by him, Ak-ku-li-gu-wiak. Its surface was marked with a number of high rocky islands, towards the highest of which (six or seven miles distant) we directed our course, and were before sunset comfortably housed under a snow roof. We had the extreme good fortune to find some fuel by digging under the snow, and could thus afford to have our pemmican warmed and a kettle of tea made. A gale of north wind made this the coldest day we had been exposed to during the journey, and not one of the party (not even the Esquimaux,) escaped without being severely marked on the face.

As the dogs were now nearly useless I determined on leaving them here with some of the party including the Esquimaux, for the purpose of recruit-

ing their strength and, if possible, to kill seals, which were numerous, while I, with two of the men, proceeded to trace the remainder of the unexplored coast. The 16th was so stormy that we could not attempt to cross the bay, but a search was made among the islands for Esquimaux, the recent foot-tracks of two of whom had been noticed the previous day. No natives were found, although there were numerous signs of their having been in the neighborhood a few days before.

Early in the morning of the 17th I set out in company with two of the men, for the purpose of following the coast to some point surveyed by Sir John Ross, as I now felt confident that that veteran discoverer was correct in his opinion as to Boothia Felix being part of the American continent. We directed our course to the furthest visible land which bore N. W. (true.)

The weather was beautiful but cold, and the ice being smooth a brisk walk of 17 miles brought us to the point towards which we had been proceeding, in time to obtain a meridian observation of the sun. Cape Berens is situated in latitude 69d. 4m. 12s. north, and longitude 90d. 35s. west. It is formed entirely of granite, partially covered with moss. Thirteen miles beyond this we arrived at two narrow points in the small bay, between which we built our snow hut, which being made too small we passed a rather uncomfortable night. Bed and bedding for the party consisted of one blanket and a hairy deer skin, the latter being placed on the snow to prevent our clothes getting wet.

The shore still trended to the N. W., and we had not travelled more than four leagues on the 18th, when the coast took a sharp turn to the eastward. We had been tracing the west side of a deep inlet which was named Halkett, after one of the members of your hon. board.

As we were now near the latitude and longitude of Lord Mayor's bay of Sir John Ross, I struck across land nearly in a north direction and, at noon, when passing over a considerable lake, the latitude 69d. 26m. 1s. north was observed. Advancing three miles beyond this we reached another lake, and as there was yet no appearance of the sea, I ordered my companions to build a snow hut and search for fuel while I went to look for the coast.

A walk of twenty minutes brought me to an inlet not more than a quarter of a mile wide. This I traced to the westward for three miles, when my course was again obstructed by land. Ascending some high rocks, from which a good view could be obtained, I thought I could distinguish rough ice in the desired direction. With renewed hopes I set out at a rapid pace, plunging among deep snow, scrambling over rocks and through rough ice, until I gained some rising ground close to the beach. From the spot where I now stood, as far as the eye could see to the north-west lay a large extent of ice-covered sea, studded with innumerable islands. Lord Mayor's bay was before me, and the islands were those named by Sir John Ross the Sons of the Clergy of the Church of Scotland.

The isthmus which connects the land to the northward with Boothia Felix is only one mile broad and, to judge by the number of stone marks set up on it, appears to be a favorite resort of the natives. Its latitude is 69d. 31m. north, longitude by account, 91d. 29m. 30s. west. With a grateful heart to Him who had thus brought our journey so far to a successful termination, I began to retrace my steps toward my companions, and at a late hour reached the snow hut—an excellent roomy one—in

which I enjoyed a pleasant night's rest after the fatigues of the day.

On the following morning, after taking possession of our discoveries with the usual formalities, we traced the inlet eastward. When we had gone four miles, the land to our left turned up to the north, leaving an opening in that direction two miles wide, bounded on the east by one or more islands. The strait separating these from the mainland was in some places very narrow, and ran about south. Finding on the morning of the 20th that we were at the head of a deep inlet, I was obliged to take the straightest route across land toward our snow hut of the 17th, as our provisions were all but consumed. There were many steep hills to be climbed and deep ravines to be crossed before we reached Halkett inlet. This we at last effected a little before mid-day; the snow being very soft, made the distance, only 10 miles, appear like 20. We reached our old hut at 2 P. M. One of the men suffered so much from fatigue and inflammation of the eyes that I went on alone during the following day, leaving Corrigal, a fine able young Orkneyman, to come on at a slower pace with his lame companion.

When five miles from the island where the rest of the party had been left, I was met by four Esquimaux whom I had not seen before. After shaking hands with them they wished me to visit their houses which were close at hand; but as my men were not in sight, and as I was quite unarmed, I declined the invitation, but with some trouble prevailed on them to follow me to our encampment. This was a fortunate meeting for us, as we obtained a quantity of seal's blubber for fuel and dog's food, and some of the flesh and blood of the same animal for our own use. A couple of fine large dogs were also bought.

As we were all more or less affected with snow-blindness, and the dogs were still weak, we remained on the island, which I found to be situated in latitude 68d. 53m. 44s. north; longitude, by account, 89d. 56m. west. It is formed almost entirely of granite, and is upward of 730 feet above the level of the sea. From the highest point of it I obtained a fine view of the bay, and I was thus saved the trouble of tracing its shores. It extends 16 or 18 miles to the southward, and contains a number of rocky islands, the highest of them being that on which we encamped.

The bay was named Pelly bay, after the governor of the company; and the group of islands, Harrison islands.

Having now as much seal's flesh and blood as would maintain us for six days on half allowance, I determined on tracing the shores of the land over which we had travelled on our outward journey.

We set out on the morning of the 24th, and directed our course to the eastward of the north; the coast preserved this trending for 25 miles, and then ran eight miles due east, forming a cape which was named Cape Chapman. We now turned south-east, and continued this course 40 miles, and finally south 35 miles, which brought us to Keith bay on the 30th, when, on account of a strong gale of wind and thick drifts, we had much trouble in finding a small "cacho" of provisions left here in passing.

The whole of the land which we had traced during the last seven days was low and flat, and very regular in its outline, there being few or no bays and points. It was named Simpson's peninsula.

During the remainder of our journey we followed, as nearly as possible, the same route as that by

which we had passed in the opposite direction, and arrived at Repulse bay, on the 5th of May, all safe and well, but as black as negroes, from the combined effects of frost bites and oil smoke.

At our winter quarters everything had gone on prosperously.

Having still to trace the west shore of Melville peninsula, I started for this purpose on the evening of the 13th of May, intending to travel by night with a chosen party of four men.

Our course to the sea was nearly due north, through a chain of lakes, and on the 16th we built our snow hut on Cape Thomas Simpson, in lat. 67d 19m. 14s. north, long. 87d. west, a rocky point which I had visited last autumn in the boat. From this place I sent back a fatigue party of three men and a sledge of dogs that had assisted us thus far. As the dogs were of little use during the last journey I took none with me now.

We left our snow hut on the evening of the 16th, each of the men being laden with about 70 lb. weight, while I carried my instruments, books, &c., weighing altogether 40 lb. Two blankets and as many hairy deer skins constituted the bedding of the party. Our progress was very slow, as the ice was rough and the snow both soft and deep.

We advanced only 12 miles the first night. On the 17th we crossed a bay 18 miles wide, and encamped at its north point, opposite to which, and within two miles of the shore, there is a large island, which was honored with the name of his royal highness the Prince of Wales. A small island to the south of this was called Sabine island.

The general trending of the coast was now N. N. E. Near the shore the banks were high and steep, and, where visible through the snow, appeared to be formed of sand, shingle, mud, and granite boulder stones, while a range of rocky hills, of various but not great altitudes, were to be seen a few miles inland.

On the 20th we were detained 24 hours by stormy weather at Cape Lady Simpson, a long point, in latitude 68d. 10m. north, longitude 85d. 53m. west. We rounded Selkirk bay (called after the noble earl of that name) on the 21st, and after passing a number of small points and bays we encamped on what at first appeared to be a part of the main land, but which was afterwards found to be an island. Our snow house on the 25th was built in latitude 68d. 48m. north, longitude 85d. 4m. west, near a small stream, frozen (like all others we had passed) to the bottom.

We had not yet obtained a drop of water of nature's thawing, and fuel being rather a scarce article, we sometimes took small kettles of snow under the blanket with us, to thaw it by the heat of our bodies.

Leaving two men to endeavor to fish and shoot, I went forward with the others and crossed Garry bay, passing inside a number of islets.

Our course on the following night lay to the westward of north, the coast being high and rocky, and indented with numerous inlets.

After accomplishing 20 miles in a straight line we encamped; as the weather looked fine we did not build our usual comfortable lodgings, which I had afterward cause to regret, as a heavy fall of snow soon came on. We were now in latitude 69d. 19m. 39s. north, and longitude 85d. 4m. west.

The latter is evidently erroneous, as I had neither chronometer nor watch that I could place dependence upon, and the compasses were much affected by local attraction.

Our provisions being nearly exhausted, I could proceed only half a day's journey further northward, being obliged to return the same night to our present quarters. Leaving one of the men, I set out with the other.

The snow fell fast, and the walking was extremely fatiguing. After advancing 10 miles the land turned sharp to the eastward, but as the weather was thick I could not see how far it trended in this direction.

When we had waited here nearly an hour, the sky cleared up, and I discovered that we were on the south shore of a considerable bay, and could trace the coast to the northward for about 12 miles beyond it.

To the most distant visible point (latitude 69d. 42m. north, longitude 85d. 8m. west) I gave the name of Cape Ellice; the land where we stood was called Cape Crozier, and the intervening bay received the name of Parry bay. Finding it hopeless to attempt reaching the strait of the Fury and Hecla, from which Cape Ellice could only be a few miles distant, we retraced our steps, and after an absence of 11 hours joined our companion, who had built a snow house, and was on our arrival very busy attempting to coax a little wet moss into sufficient flame to boil some chocolate, but to no purpose; we were consequently obliged to finish the process with alcohol, a small quantity of which still remained.

Early on the morning of the 30th we arrived at our snow hut of the 25th. The men we had left here were well, but very thin, as they had neither caught nor shot anything eatable except two marmots. Had we been absent 12 hours more they were to have cooked a piece of parchment skin for supper.

Our journey hitherto had been the most fatiguing I had ever experienced; the severe exercise, with a limited allowance of food, had reduced the party very much. However, we marched merrily on, tightening our belts—mine came in six inches—the men avowing that when they got on full allowance they would make up for lost time.

Nothing of importance occurred during our journey homeward.

Our several "cachos" of provisions were found safe, and some partridges that were shot aided our short commons. At 8.20 on the morning of the 9th of June we arrived at Fort Hope, all well, having been absent 27 days.

During the whole of this trip our snow houses were built by Corrigan, whose services were of the utmost value to the party, and who had accompanied me when tracing the opposite shores of the large bay, the survey of which I had now completed, and to which I gave the name of Committee bay.

During the remainder of our stay at Repulse bay the whole party were occupied in procuring food, collecting fuel, and preparing our boats for sea.

In the latter part of July many natives visited us, with all of whom we were on the most friendly terms. Our spare nets, knives, files, &c., were distributed among them in portions, according to the several merits of the recipients.

The ice in the bay broke up on the 11th of August. On the following day, after bidding farewell to our good-humored friends, (who were loud in their wishes that we would soon return to them,) we left our dreary winter quarters.

Head winds and stormy weather retarded our progress much, so that we did not reach Churchill

until the 31st of August, when I found that we had still eight bags of pemmican, and four cwt. of flour remaining; our expenditure having been 12 bags of the former and 21 cwt. of the latter.

We were detained in Churchill river by a gale of wind until the 3d of September, when the weather became more moderate and we were able to continue our voyage toward York Factory, at which we arrived late on the evening of the 6th.

I cannot close this rough and meagre sketch of our proceedings, which I have prepared amidst many interruptions, without bearing testimony to the excellent and praiseworthy conduct of the men under my charge.

They were always willing and obedient, and, although not all equally able to do their duty, they all did their utmost to accomplish the object of the expedition.

With the utmost respect, I remain, hon. sirs,
your most obedient servant,
JOHN RAE.
York Factory, Hudson's Bay, Sept. 21, 1847.

From the Spectator of 6 November.

FOREIGN NEWS.

OUR anticipation that the worst of the panic-breeding pressure had passed seems justified by the event, although no great advantage has ostensibly been taken of the letter of license issued last week from the treasury. The fact is, that most of the houses which ought to have gone had already fallen—the fire had burned up the lifeless and dried part of the forest, and was going out through exhaustion of the fuel; and the bank act relaxation, which gets all the credit, arrived, like the parish-engine, only to throw cold water on the ashes. That it was not of much practical importance, is shown by the circumstance that it has not been much used; though possibly it has facilitated the absorption of gold by the country banks, which have been fortifying their coffers; and it has probably had some influence in restoring momentary “confidence” to that sensitive and easily affected body the commercial public. The tangible and immediate results, however, are scarcely sufficient to account for resorting to the expedient; especially as there is no reason to suppose that either Sir Charles Wood or Sir Robert Peel have given up opinions adverse to the relaxation. The demand for it was limited and peculiar. The claimants for relief were those who had put themselves in danger by violating the laws of sound trade; the weeding out of rotten concerns has had a useful influence, and the sound, which stood firm, will flourish all the better. Nevertheless, the sufferers were numerous; they were excessively noisy; they cried out from different quarters; they contrived to fill a large space in the public eye and ear; and if the truth were known, we suspect that ministers, still unconvinced, were sheerly frightened into the concession.

The disclosures which have been made by these failures, as to the state into which the accounts of leading firms had been suffered to get, bears out the supposition that the process of weeding has been necessary and salutary. Look at two examples before the public this week, severally typify-

ing two sorts of gross irregularity. The statement put forth by the Royal Bank at Liverpool should be deposited among the curiosities in the British Museum for the edification of posterity. We reprint it in another page, and here will only mention a few points. The total liabilities are stated at £995,000; total losses, £111,000; together, £1,106,000: the assets are set down at £1,855,000; but in that sum are included the bank buildings, apparently not quite paid for; also “current accounts” £1,500,000; and to all this mass of problematic resources there is of “cash” but £143,600! That is not all: to one person alone, engaged in doubtful and hazardous cotton speculations, the bank had advanced £250,000; and then, after his credit was shaken, continued the advances to a still more enormous amount! There may have been no dishonest intention, but virtually the bank was a juggle, by which the shareholders and depositors were made to subscribe, without knowing it, for the benefit of speculators in cotton like Mr. Higginson. The other type of these prevailing irregularities is furnished by the accounts of Messrs. Barclay and Co.; whose liabilities were £389,000, and who had some £340,000 locked up in their “Mauritius estate.” The firm may have been gradually led into that awkward position by circumstances, the full consequences of which were not foreseen; but the fact is not the less instructive. With such cases as these before us, it is impossible to deny that the process of weeding and of warning is most beneficial.

For the warning is too terrible to be easily forgotten or neglected. If premonitory signs are to be trusted, a favorable turn is just taking place—there are breaks in the clouds that have so long brooded over exchange and factory. With food and cotton cheapening, with warehouses and foreign markets unglutted, with continual orders from abroad, it does seem probable that the great factories will resume their activity, and that trade will once more stir. But it does seem no less inevitable that the commercial world should bear in mind the fearful lessons of 1847. That experience, indeed, may help more than anything else to mitigate the bad ulterior consequences which might otherwise be anticipated from the panic-struck relaxation of the bank charter act.

IRELAND—It is almost needless to write more than that one word, so readily will the reader anticipate what is to follow, of violences, conspiracies, turbulences, and all sorts of ills. But some traits of Irish politics are so striking that they do not lose their effect by repetition. Earl Fitzwilliam is railing at England about something like the O'Connellite “seven centuries of wrong.” And while he is railing, the movements against rates and rents, and other obligations, proceed triumphantly; also the starving and the murdering. The notions which the Irish entertain of relief are wonderful: they want repeal of the union, and further advances from England, not to be repaid; they want out-door relief, but no poor-rates; they

beg for bread, and the money given them to buy food they spend in buying bullets and gunpowder—as witness the riot at Kanturk. Begging the means of life for themselves, they use the money to buy the means of death for others.

No event of any marked or decisive character has occurred in foreign affairs.

Switzerland, on which country attention is chiefly concentrated, is hastening to its lamentable civil war; the last show of peaceful negotiation having come to nothing. The Austrian and Prussian ministers have withdrawn from immediate communication with the Vorort; both evincing decided displeasure at the resort to arms. The Prussian minister has retired, significantly enough, to the Canton of Neuchâtel: which does not openly side with the Separate League, but refuses to take arms against it.

Italy is in an uneasy state: Tuscany moving with an internal agitation that is not well understood—for the people do not seem dissatisfied with their government, though they are dissatisfied with the long-stipulated cession of Fivizzano to Modena; the Ferrarese still kicking fruitlessly against the Austrian garrison; and the Piedmontese anxiously asking whether certain equivocal measures do or do not signify that King Charles Albert is going to disappoint them and side with absolutism. In London there is a strong belief that the king is acting in good faith, and that his own feelings are engaged on the side of freedom; though Austrian influence and the antiquated priest party may harass him with difficulties.

In Spain, Queen Christina is understood to be regaining her influence over her daughter; remodelling the household, pruning the honors and power of Narvaez, and making the young Isabella ride out in public with her husband.

India enjoys a tranquillity unusually profound. The most notable action, just now, is a movement by Lord Hardinge to establish a more complete form of British authority in Oude and the Nizam's territory; a measure which is expected materially to advance the internal consolidation of our Indian empire.

From the Spectator of 13 Nov.

Never, perhaps, within the range of contemporary criticism, has the state of Ireland appeared more devoid of hope. The internal diseases of that ill-conditioned land become worse, with a growth visible to the sight.

Crimes of violence and conspiracy increase in variety, number, and atrocity. The combinations against rates, rents, and life, appear extending over the face of the country. In Roscommon there is a list of landlords marked out for destruction; they are known, and one of them, Major Mahon, has fallen. Major Mahon was spending his personal exertions and his substance in the endeavor to improve the state of agriculture, aiding his redundant tenant-laborers to emigrate; some, who fell outside the necessary limit imposed

on his immense advances of money, conceived a grudge against him; and a grudge against a landlord in Ireland means murder.

It almost looks as if Ireland were absolutely destitute of honest citizens; since those who come forward as such, consent to take part in miserable counterfeits of patriotism, like the associations now sitting in Dublin, and paltering with discussions on the national wants. There is the Repeal Association, still gathering its rent under the pretence of obtaining that repeal which was promised in the long-past "repeal year." The Irish Confederation maintains the abstract doctrine of the sword, while the country rings with the report of the gun in its concrete form. The "Irish Council" assembles to discuss tenant-right, &c.; and Mr. John O'Connell opens business with the declaration that the resolutions to be passed do not pledge the supporters to anything—they are only for talk! A number of peers, members, and other persons, assemble as a convention to discuss the state of the country; and they consent to take their cue from that so earnest Irish council. The woes of Ireland are the stock in trade of her patriots, and text for schoolboy themes, which senators and citizens gravely assemble to concoct.

Government, driven up into a corner, unsupported by these honest citizens, unaided by any available counsel from Irish lips, is reported to contemplate coercion—very naturally.

A criminal offence, not of a kind unusual in trade, has assumed such an aspect in a trade so important as to demand the intervention of the government. Flour for bread has been so adulterated in Leeds, that the eaters of it have been poisoned. And in Glasgow the practice has become so common, that a jury, convicting an adulterator, recommended him to mercy on the score of that commonness. There are doubts whether the offence committed at Leeds is in a shape to make an indictment feasible, and it has been treated by summary conviction before a police magistrate. If a graver procedure is not available, the law ought to be amended. At any rate, there must be a fault somewhere, either in the law or in its administration, to make the practice possible; and ministers should find out the defect in order to supply it without delay. Free trade has abolished the old notion of interference with "forestalling and regrating;" but adulteration is an offence—a very serious one—akin to forgery; and in the instance of bread the forgery assails the very sources of life. Against such a crime the poor and ignorant ought to be protected as effectually as they are against forgery of the coin.

The secretary of state for the colonies has made a great show of concession to the West India interests—he has yielded permission for Africans liberated from the slave-ships to be taken direct to the West Indies, instead of being carried in the first instance to Sierra Leone, there to go

through the farce of making a choice whether they would be taken to the sugar colonies or not.

The concession is announced in a despatch from Lord Grey to the governor of Jamaica, full of good wishes and suggestions intended to stimulate the hopefulness of the West Indians, as if a new era were beginning for them. They, however, have been somewhat palled of late years by plausible writing from the colonial office, and have been taught by bitter experience to look to deeds rather than words. There is much in the circumstances attendant on this despatch to check any extraordinary impulse of hopefulness. When a deputation from the West India merchants met Lord Grey lately, at their interview with Lord John Russell, nothing was said about the document, though it had been sent to the governor of Jamaica some days before; and it is now published after the interview as if it were an answer to the demands of that deputation. Although Lord Grey mixes up the present concession with an allusion to the old concession of direct migration from the Kroo coast, (and what has *that* done!) as if the two together were to supply, somehow or other, all that is wanted, the West Indians will perceive that the change actually granted by the despatch is but a small fraction of the measures asked by the deputation, or of measures urged upon government years ago, when even this fraction would have been more useful than it is now. The colonists will ask, where are the rest of the measures that, in consistency, ought to accompany this one? They will ask Lord Grey, whether the intercepted fragments of the slave trade can possibly suffice to fill the West Indies with labor, and enable them to compete with countries that receive the unintercepted supplies of slave-labor¹. They will only be disposed to regard Lord Grey's amiably worded despatch as virtually a refusal of their demands, couched in a form to make the refusal look better in the eyes of the British public. We doubt whether the publication of Lord Grey's letter will prevent the return of a single dishonored bill to the West Indies—whether it will induce the transmission of a single guinea of capital, or restore a gleam of confidence to the colonists.

The West Indians seem to have lost their former allies, the tories, now called "protectionists." Lord Stanley, their old enemy, is now head of the "country party;" and Lord George Bentinck perhaps remembers that most of the West Indian members supported Peel. At all events, the protectionist party—if we may judge of them from one or two newspaper organs—seem inclined to use the West Indian case as a pretext for attempting to regain protection generally; that is, the protectionists, looking to their own objects, will work for the impracticable part of the West Indian case; but as to the practicable part, the supply of labor direct from Africa, they side with Exeter Hall.

PUNCH'S VISION AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE NIGHT OF THE SIXTEENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

WEARY I was of Cockney stares,
And cut-and-dry emotions,
And the enthusiastic airs
Of those who 'd sailed o'er oceans,
They said, to Stratford town to pay their fares
And their devotions.

"In this room," quoth they, "he was born;
Wrote his plays at that table."
They looked, talked, went; while I, outworn
With all that brainless Babel,
Sat, from that chamber, faded and forlorn,
To stir unable,

And slept. My fancy, restless elf,
Bat-like, meanwhile, went soaring;
Hooking on every ledge and shelf,
From room to crazy flooring,
Till, of a sudden, I awaked myself
With my own snoring.

'T was night; but light was in the room
Though the grate showed no ember;
And voices—whose unearthly boom
Thrilled me in every member—
Were sounding all about me, through the gloom
Of still September.

And, peeping out from filmy wings,
Sweet moonlit faces cluster
Round a pale queen of the green rings.
And still a marvellous muster
Of life went on—joys, griefs, tears, gambollings,
Tenderness, bluster.

Jealousy, with black lips, was there;
And in a fair girl's glances
Madness looked sweet, but tore its hair,
And fell on sudden trances,
In an old king, left by his daughters bare
To the world's chances.

One wrung her hands—walking, all wan,
In night-trail—stern of feature;
One curiously a skull did scan,
And found therein a teacher;
And one in man's attire, but not a man—
A gentle creature—

Beside a maid paced soft and slow,
In delicate discretion,
With voice most musically low—
While a right jovial session
Of boon ghosts set the pottle-pots aflow,
Their wits to freshen.

But through the maddest of their mirth,
A solemn diapason
Of wisdom gave each word a worth,
That served to blazon
To my dull sense whence was those beings' birth
That I did gaze on.

To their great master's home, with glee,
Trooped back his bright creation;
That day had set the dwelling free
From shameful desecration,
And made o'er Shakspeare's house a shrine to be
For Shakspeare's nation!

TRILLS FOR TERM-TIME.

How sweet 't is to stroll by the streams of Demurrer,
Where Detinue sighs to the evening breeze;
Where groves of Mandamus are mellowed in color,
And high soar the Costs in Exchequer of Pleas!

'T is there that the sisters Assumpsit and Trover
Disport with the Mortgages sitting in banc,
While around the fierce Chattels and Cognizance
hover,
And Rejoinders gnash rage as their fetters they
clank.

Dark Venue broods there, 'mid the bleak Certiorari,
The coo of the distant Avowry is heard;
But the sprightly Malfeasance trips light as a fairy,
With the mild Surrebutter and Judgment De-
ferred.

Oh, 't is there I would muse, and I'd dream of As-
sises,
And feast on ripe Codicil and Assignee;
Or, soothed by the strains of the dulcet Demises,
I'd quaff foaming goblets of Felo-de-se.

Punch.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. LITTELL!

Please to tell

Whether you call this using us well?—

What do we want?

Why! the Maiden Aunt.

Ladies and gentlemen here by the score
Are all, like Oliver, "asking for more;"
We've really been patient, we waited like saints,
We waited, I may say, like Maiden Aunts.
We allowed for the steamer,—we noted the day
She started, we thought of her all the way,
And whatever stout vessel proved stray or waif,
We said "Heaven send the *Acadia* safe."

She was telegraphed,
And your readers laughed;
As Wordsworth says,
In his choicest phrase,

"Through all her parlors Beacon Street
Was visibly delighted,"

A pleasing prospect satisfied
The very shortest-sighted.

So we waited—Saturday—Sunday—Monday—
Waited till Dombey became a drug,
Till cotton and breadstuffs were quoted and noted,
Failures stated and well debated,

Patiently waited;

Waited with fancies all alive

For No. 185.

Tuesday, Wednesday slowly past,
Then the Living Age came at last,
And a hasty glance on the index cast—

"No Maiden Aunt!

Nothing but cant

About National Progress and news of the week,"
Was reported by one too vexed to speak.

Opinions were various,

Some said "Nefarious!"

One mildly suggested it might not have come,
But was instantly frowned on and told to be dumb,
Since then our wits are in eclipse,
Our modest hopes declining,
And tempers, though of sweetest strain,
Do tend towards repining.

It's no use trying

The pacifying;

We don't want "Sketches," we don't want "Tales,"

We don't want "Travels in New South Wales,"

What we want

Is *The Maiden Aunt*,

Or a very large body of your very best readers

May be seceders.

We hope that publishing the above letter will be
a sufficient warning to the *present* author of the
Maiden Aunt to hasten the continuation of the
story. It would be a subject of great regret to us
to be obliged to give away the work to another
author. We have one in our eye now, who has
given proofs of great capacity, as well as of great
quickness in writing, and who may perhaps under-
take to bring the story to a close. We mean his
excellency Santa Anna.

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